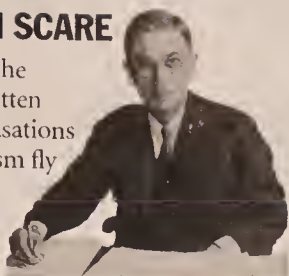


CRIMSON SCARE

Conant and the University batten down as accusations of communism fly on campus.

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Class of 1952

Section B
June 3, 2002



Back in the Mix



BY J. HALE RUSSELL
CRIMSON STAFF WRITER

When they came, Harvard's halls overflowed with veterans. By the time they left, many were on the way to being veterans themselves.

When they arrived, the College enjoyed the benefits of the post-war economy. By the time they departed, the College had hiked tuition and drawn down on its endowment.

While they were here, all the Houses (except Eliot) passed rules allowing females to be "entertained" in the common rooms until 11 p.m.—provided the chandeliers stayed well-lit and standards of decency were maintained.

As they looked toward Commencement, they found a prospering economy with a wide-open employment market.

For the Class of 1952, life at Harvard College marked a time of transformation, a middle ground where the footing seemed stable, at least temporarily.

But across the ocean, a war—the consequences of which nobody really knew—had begun in Korea, and a communist scare traveled fast through American life.

Amid the gathering storm of world events, the man who had guided Harvard through the last world war prepared to depart. As President James Bryant Conant

'14 left, he warned of consequences to come for the University.

"We have witnessed, I am afraid, only the first first phase of a basic conflict that may well last for the balance of this century," he wrote in his final presidential report.

It was a year of "man-snatching," the Yearbook wrote. Congress resurrected the draft in the spring of the Class' junior year, and ROTC programs on campus flourished. From 1950 to 1951, more than 100 College students withdrew for military service.

Patriotism, coupled with the fever of anti-communist sentiments and the desire to find communist sympathizers at every turn, reached a new high.

The men who entered Harvard in the fall of 1948 witnessed a Harvard in transition, forced to deal with the new military, political and social challenges of a country recovering from one war and embarking on another.

"We were accused of being a kind of complacent period," said Chase N. Peterson '52, the first marshal of the Class. "But it was a transition, more than anything else, from turmoil to new stability."

(PLEASE SEE OVERVIEW, PAGE B-7)

INSIDE

War and Peace

Students join ROTC in droves, but pacifists organize on campus.

BY STEPHANIE E. BUTLER

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From Teas to Taverns

Two alums look back at life at Harvard and Radcliffe in 1952.

BY MEMBERS OF THE CLASS

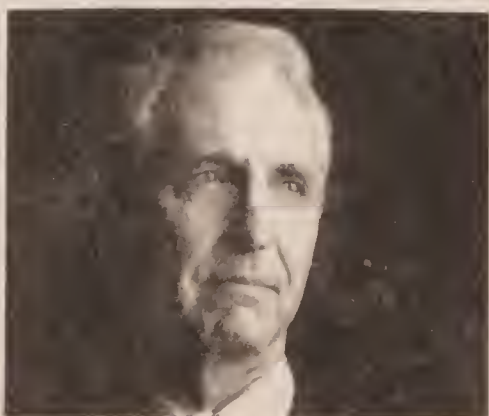
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Government Insider

Daniel Ellsberg writes the story behind the Pentagon Papers.

BY CATHERINE E. SHOICHET

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Corporate Firefighter

Thomas Billings saves the NRA, and that's just for starters.

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Lesley Lee Francis finds her voice writing about her grandfather.

BY CLAIRE A. PASTERNAK

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A Government Insider Who Got the Story Out

Writing his memoirs three decades later, Ellsberg says Pentagon Papers hold lessons for today's world



Courtesy Daniel Ellsberg

By CATHERINE E. SHOICHET
CRIMSON STAFF WRITER

Two weeks ago, Daniel Ellsberg '52 pulled another all-nighter. "I am living on caffeine. These deadlines never end," Ellsberg laughs, comparing the frantic process of writing the footnotes for his 705-page memoir to his work as an undergraduate on The

in the gulf. It also revealed that, while President Lyndon B. Johnson had publicly described the war as a short-term battle, he oversaw a massive commitment of infantry to Vietnam. And as the government attempted to prevent the Times and the Washington Post from publishing articles about the 7,000-page document, Ellsberg, too,

Hill to German nuclear testing sites to anti-nuclear rallies in Central Park. Ellsberg estimates he was arrested between 60 and 70 times in acts of civil disobedience in the late 1970s and 1980s. A three-year stint on Capitol Hill with the Physicians for Social Responsibility, a lobbying group advocating the end of nuclear proliferation, ended in the mid-1990s. And Ellsberg finally began to work on his long-anticipated memoirs of the Vietnam and Pentagon Papers years.

Even now, as he prepares for an upcoming book tour in conjunction with the release of his memoir, Ellsberg says the current political situation takes precedence.

"I think I'll probably be talking more about that than the book," he says.

For Ellsberg, President Bush's policies bear a "frightening" resemblance to those of the Nixon administration. In many ways, he says, it makes the publication of his memoir and continued study of Vietnam increasingly relevant.

"This has some very strong analogies to Vietnam in a way that disturbs me very much," he says. "It's as though we haven't learned very much."

He points to recent Bush administration discussions of potential attacks on Iraq as "catastrophically risky" and "extremely unwise."

"I'm very disturbed to see Congress going along with an attitude in the White House that the president has a right to decide by himself whether we go to war or not and who we go to war against," he says. "I worked for a president who lied us into war in 1965. He manipulated Congress into the Tonkin Gulf Resolution."

And he criticizes the resolution of support passed by Congress last September, which authorized Bush to use "all necessary and appropriate force" against those responsible for the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks—calling it "Tonkin Gulf II."

"They were totally irresponsible to sign a blank check," he says.

The solution, too, according to Ellsberg, resembles his own approach.

Current government officials who believe Bush is on a "disaster course," he says, have an obligation to leak secret information that would derail the administration's policies.

"They should take the documents that would reveal that to the public. They should copy them and put them on the Internet," he says. "They should take a file drawer of documents and take them over to Capitol Hill, the New York Times and the Associated Press."

In this case, Ellsberg argues that going public with secret information would be in the best interest of national security—as it was when he leaked the Pentagon Papers in 1971.

"I wish I had done what I did years earlier," he says. "Don't do what I did. Don't wait until the bombs are falling. Think of it now."

—Staff writer Catherine E. Shoichet can be reached at shoichet@fas.harvard.edu.

Class of 1952

Daniel Ellsberg The Pentagon Papers

Crimson's editorial board.

"One night I wrote the entire ed page that way," he remembers. "And here I am, doing the same thing 50 years later."

Now, once again, after a career that took him from service in the Marine Corps to the front page of every newspaper in America as the government insider who leaked the Pentagon Papers, Ellsberg finds himself a writer, racing to finish a story at the last minute.

He yearned to write from the moment he first set foot in Harvard Yard. During his first undergraduate year, he joined the staff of the Advocate, climbing the administrative ranks to become president by his junior year.

The next year he comped The Crimson's editorial board and regularly wrote editorials, features and arts reviews.

More than 50 years later, Ellsberg takes only a few seconds to recall his description of Marlon Brando as "a cannon rolling loose on the deck of a frigate" in the opening sentence of a review of *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

Stanley A. Zemon '52, who met Ellsberg in high school, describes him as a "very precocious" student.

"He was far and away the best student" in high school, Zemon remembers. "He was just in a plain by himself and he continued that at Harvard."

By the time Ellsberg and his College classmates celebrated their 25th reunion, his recent political adventures made for an usual entry in the anniversary class report. Under the awards heading, among a number of official prizes, he added: for publication of the Pentagon Papers, "indictment."

And his personal statement consisted of thanking classmates who had contributed to his legal defense fund.

Just four years earlier, Ellsberg faced up to 115 years in prison after giving The New York Times a copy of the so-called Pentagon Papers, a top-secret U.S. government study of policy in Vietnam that detailed several large-scale deceptions.

As a defense analyst at the RAND Corporation, Ellsberg had helped to compile the extensive study, which revealed that the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution—in which Congress permitted increased U.S. military involvement in Vietnam—had been drafted months before the North Vietnamese attacked U.S. naval vessels

began to appear on the front pages of the nation's newspapers. The government charged him with 12 federal felony counts.

Though he had lost touch with his classmate, a student who got to know Ellsberg when they lived on the same floor in Weld Hall says the news came as little surprise.

Though Ellsberg's situation seemed dire on the printed page, Gordon E. Beyer '52 says he knew his former classmate would pull through.

"There was no need to worry about Dan," he says. "He could take care of himself, and he did."

The case against Ellsberg was dismissed in 1973, after it was revealed that Nixon aides had broken into the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist in an effort to discredit him.

Rather than retreating from public view, Ellsberg used the event as the beginning of a lifetime of political activism.

Ellsberg wanted to tell his side of the story—and he did in interviews at the time. But the longer memoir that he envisioned would have to wait.

The story that will finally be published this fall extends far beyond the length of an article or even his recently published Harvard Ph.D. dissertation about the philosophical implications of rational decision-making.

Writing the memoir took the cooperation of his entire family, Ellsberg says, including rapid-fire e-mail editing exchanges with his sons.

To him the process brought to mind one night in 1969 when he was copying parts of the Pentagon Papers—one 13-year-old son worked the copy machine and a 10-year-old daughter cut the "top secret" stamp markings off the pages.

Ellsberg waited three decades to begin writing *Secrets: Revealing the Pentagon Papers*, as the memoir will be called. In the intervening years, Ellsberg felt other causes deserved his immediate attention.

After the Vietnam War ended, Ellsberg demanded that Congress cut off funding for the nuclear arms race and atomic testing.

"I really set out to try to help pull together a movement against nuclear weapons that would be comparable to the anti-war movement," he says.

The crusade took him from Capitol

Parallel Parking: City Cracks Down on Student Traffic Time Again

Wednesday, October 3, 1951 | Monday, May 13, 2002

Councillor's Protest Fails To Stir Drive on Parking

By GEORGE S. ABRAMS

City Councillor Edward A. Sullivan yesterday demanded action on what he termed "the deplorable parking situation around Harvard." Meanwhile Acting Chief Patrick J. McCarthy last night ended rumors of an immediate police crackdown on overnight parking.

Sullivan's ire was aroused Saturday night when he ran into a bottle-neck on a side street and had to back out. "Students' cars were double parked in streets around the Harvard Square area. What if fire breaks out some night in those dormitories? A fire truck could never get to it," he stated.

Mayor Edward A. Crane '35 appointed Sullivan chairman of a special committee to confer with University officials on student parking. This followed a lengthy discussion of the situation in last Monday's City Council meeting.

Captain McCarthy, when informed of Sullivan's action, stated that he will stick by his two week parking grant to University students. He clarified his statement, however, by saying that his men will tag overnight parkers in boarding house and residential areas. "The moratorium applies only to the immediate dormitory and House vicinity and not to

places like Trowbridge Street. There will be no police get-tough policy without the student body being adequately warned through the Crimson," the Captain added.

Common Parking

Just what action Councillor Sullivan plans to take is as yet unknown. He did say that he will confer with Cambridge and University police "very soon." "I believe it's squarely up to Harvard officials to provide space. The University's Western Avenue parking lot behind the Business School is far too distant for student use. Maybe we can make some use of the parking facilities around Cambridge Common by opening this area to students from 6 p.m. to 8 a.m.," he concluded.

Sullivan said that many of the double-parked cars were from out-of-state. "I've heard," he stated, "that many of these students tear up their parking tickets."

University officials, meanwhile, disclosed plans to conduct their own get-tough drive on all University property after the registration deadline on Friday is passed. The Administrative Vice-President's office said yesterday that all non-registered cars on University property would get University tags after Friday. A \$10 fine on non-registered cars will

Students To Retain City Parking Permits

By SAMUEL A. S. CLARK
CRIMSON STAFF WRITER

Residents of Cambridge's Riverside neighborhood, which lies adjacent to Harvard's southernmost river Houses, asked the Cambridge City Council early last month to no longer grant residential parking permits to Harvard students living in the Houses.

But such a move would be illegal since Harvard students are also Cambridge residents, found a report made to the council its April 29 meeting.

Compiled by the city's Traffic, Parking, and Transportation Department (TPTD), the report also found that only 37 students of the estimated 3,300 in the river Houses had applied for residential permits this year.

The Riverside Neighborhood Study Committee says the neighborhood suffers from a lack of parking. Massachusetts zoning bylaws require one off-street parking space per unit, but the committee says there is a shortfall of 1,900 spaces, not including Harvard units.

As for on-street parking, the committee says there are only 1,500 spaces available in the area, 800 short of the 2,300 spaces required by the bylaws.

In total, the city would need to provide around 3,000 more parking spaces to meet zoning bylaws.

The parking crunch is worsened by the use of Riverside's parking spaces by non-neighborhood residents, the city has noted.

Still, area residents said they are concerned about the parking shortage and think that denying Harvard students parking permits will help alleviate it.

They say they hope the University will assist in this effort even if the city is powerless to do so.

"If the city cannot discriminate between students and residents, our hope is that Harvard will remedy the situation," said local resident Susan Smith.

But it's unlikely that Harvard can do much to improve the situation.

"I'm an adult and I pay taxes in Massachusetts. I should be allowed to park here."

—Ted D. Malliaris '03

"People who are frustrated wish that Harvard would solve all of their problems," Clippinger said. "If you're living in an urban area, chances are parking is going to be tight."

Ted D. Malliaris '03, who has a residential parking permit, said he found the Riverside residents' request unfair.

"I spend nine months of the year here. I'm an adult and I pay taxes in Massachusetts. I should be allowed

to park here," he said.

Residents first approached City Councillor Henrietta Davis about the permit issue, and she ordered at the April 8 city council meeting a report investigating the situation.

In order to qualify for a residential parking permit, a car must be registered with the Massachusetts Registry of Motor Vehicles and its owner must be able to prove residency by presenting a current gas, electric, telephone or cable bill.

Harvard students who are able to meet these qualifications cannot be denied a parking permit.

WAR!

Students Join ROTC In Record Numbers

By STEPHANIE E. BUTLER
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

The "Malden Mite" was gearing up for his last hurrah.

Carroll M. Lowenstein '52-'54 was captain of the Harvard football team and entered the fall of 1951 ready to finish his final undergraduate year and play his last games for the Crimson.

Then the news came.

As war loomed half-way around the world in Korea, word arrived to Lowenstein that he had been drafted.

Team doctors rushed to find a way to keep him off the battlefield and on the football field. He had broken his ankle the previous spring. And, though the medical staff had given him the all-clear to play football, they insisted that he could not enter the military because of the treatments his injury required.

Despite the insistence of doctors and fans, Lowenstein told his teammates in late September: "I'm ready to go next Wednesday, if they want me."

It turned out that Uncle Sam did want the lightning quick 150-pound tailback, who was famous for his bullet-like passes—which were said to come at receivers so hard that coaches asked him to ease up when he first joined the Crimson squad.

So Harvard lost its football star, along with many other undergraduates, to the war effort.

When students had returned that fall, reassuring words had greeted them. Though the world beyond the Yard was embroiled in a seemingly endless war, an editorial in The Crimson had welcomed students with the promise that "there is still some security to be found in an academic atmosphere—temporary security from being called into the armed services, permanent security in the quest for truths even greater than world wars, and the insecure security of theories that explain what is happening in terms of law, nature, and experience."

But quickly, as senior year marched on for the Class of 1952, war crept inside the University walls.

Some students, such as the football captain, burst with patriotic duty as ROTC membership swelled and veterans reaped the benefits of a newly extended G.I. Bill.

But others became disaffected with the government's continuing demands, and for the first time since World War II students formed peace movements and the campus saw its first inklings of rebellion.

ROTC

By the end of September 1951, ROTC enrollment among Harvard men had swelled. Air ROTC became so popular that the program actually had to turn applicants away—of the 275 students who signed up for air force reserves, the program could only accommodate 235.

Students protested, claiming they were randomly dropped from the program. But Air ROTC's head, Colonel Frank P. Bostron, explained that there was indeed a system for rating prospective cadets and that the students who had been cut from



Football Captain CARROLL M. LOWENSTEIN '52-'54

the Air Force would be offered placement in the Army's program.

"We'd like to take them all, but it would be impossible," he said. "We got orders from the Defense Department to pare the Corps down to 235 and we did it."

At the same time that the national ROTC program ballooned, the armed forces increased the duration of required service in the reserves. Students who received scholarships from the armed services had signed up with ROTC expecting to serve two years, but the new requirements added between four months and a year to this.

And the situation was graver for those who did not receive tuition from the army. Previously they had also served two years in the reserve, but under the new

rules they were made to spend eight years in either an active or reserve unit after graduation.

The heightened burden of military service angered students, because the change in the governmental policy put them in a tough position.

Students who were not part of an ROTC program faced the specter of the draft. But while students who joined the reserves received draft exemptions until they earned their degrees, that option now meant a prolonged term of service after graduation.

Angry naval cadets told The Crimson the new policy was "an obvious breach of contract." Many withdrew from the program, giving up their draft immunity to face the prospect of leaving the College and entering the war.

PEACE!

First Pacifist Groups Form on Campus

Early Rumblings

Members of ROTC were not the only students frustrated with the war in Korea. During the 1951-52 school year the first pacifist organizations since the outbreak of World War II appeared on campus.

The Pacifist Council—co-chaired by two members of the Class, David Drake '52 and William T. Vasquez '52—was the first unofficial group.

Originally consisting of 18 members, the group struggled to find a faculty advisor, which was required for it to become an official club recognized by the College.

It was a "group consist[ing] mainly of pacifists," Drake told The Crimson at the time, "but as a group it hasn't decided whether to commit itself to pacifism, or just support other projects conducive to peace."

The only prerequisite to join the group, Drake explained, was to be a conscientious objection.

And during a time when Communist hunts haunted campuses across the country, he also stressed that the club was not just a group of socialists.

Soon after the development of the Pacifist Council, another group sprouted. Calling itself the Peace Club, it began with eight members—two short of the ten necessary to become an official campus organization—but they did have one advantage: a faculty advisor.

The new club's constitution—more specific and pointed than the first pacifist group—called for the U.S. to downplay its military policies and use negotiation to settle world conflicts. They demanded "social and economic aid to all countries by the United Nations," as well as "free international exchange of people and information."

In an era where public opinion and government officials quickly equated anti-war sentiments with Communist leanings, both groups struggled to find either enough students to join or enough professors to advise them.

When the Pacifist Council asked Russian-born Professor of Psychology Pitirim A. Sorokin to be their consultant, he declined. Even though he had come to the U.S. three decades earlier, he said his Russian background made him an inappropriate choice for the position.

"My sympathies are with them," Sorokin told The Crimson in February 1952. But "such a job should be held by someone who is a native of his country or who has native parents."

The Crimson reported several times that the council had finally found a friend in Hollis Professor of Divinity Henry J. Cadbury, but Cadbury continually dodged questions about his involvement.

On one occasion he stated that he was not the group's advisor but would likely become one when they had "a more definite program of action."

But later, when the club announced that he had agreed to the position, Cadbury still avoided making conclusive statements about his involvement—"I don't think that they need a sponsor just yet," he said.

Altering Academic Life

With service in the armed forces seeming imminent for all Harvard men either during or after their undergraduate careers, the war also threatened to change the shape of the College curriculum.

Harvard instituted a ranking system for the first time so that the University could provide draft boards with academic information about each student.

University President James Bryant Conant '14 proposed that Harvard alter its curriculum so that students could complete their studies in three years—to save Harvard men both money and time.

Tuition was rising because of inflation, and many men faced years in the Army reserves or in combat before they found permanent employment.

Conant argued that because of "the probability of a prolonged national emergency" students should spend less time in school.

Already tests were in place to exempt students from some first year classes, and Conant foresaw a sped-up academic calendar during the war years.

Though these war-time changes were never implemented, the war did have a profound effect on the makeup of the student population. In 1951-52, the first veteran of the Korean War came to Harvard with his tuition funded by the G.I. Bill.

That year the government announced an extension bill to provide more Korean veterans—not just those who had suffered wounds in combat—with a free education. And having just recently recovered from one global war, Harvard once again prepared to confront darkening world events.

Pacifist Council Organizes, Lacks University Sponsor

First Pacifist Group Since War Includes Eighteen Members

David Drake '52, co-chairman of the unrecognized Harvard Peace Council admitted last night that he has been unable to find a faculty sponsor for his group.

The Peace Council is the first pacifist group to appear at the University since the early days of World War II. Although the Council has met the first requirement of the rules for undergraduate activities by applying the names of at least ten members, it will not be recognized by the University until it can find a faculty sponsor.

Drake reported that the group had asked both Pitirim Sorokin, professor of psychology, and Henry J. Cadbury, Hollis Professor of Divinity, to serve as faculty advisors. Both professors declined to make any comment on the matter last night.

"This group consists mainly of pacifists," Drake said, "but as a group it hasn't decided whether to commit itself to pacifism, or just support other projects conducive to peace." He did not disclose what these projects might be.

The pacifist philosophy places some emphasis on economic systems, he added, "inasmuch as the different systems affect human brotherhood. He added that many students believe in socialism, but that not all share on the political affiliations of the Harvard group."

William T. Vasquez '52 is the other chairman of the Council. Drake reported that his membership list totaled 18 members.

Time & Again

Billings & Stover: 'First, Last, and Always a Drugstore'

Wednesday, April 21, 1948 | Friday, February 15, 2002

BILLINGS & STOVER

First, Last, and Always A Drug Store

First, Last, and Always

A Drugstore

Billings & Stover

Circling the Square

More than 40 years ago, when Eleonora Duse was making her long faces and Weber and Fields their happy ones, a different sort of team was approaching its half-century mark with a very untheatrical announcement. "If you don't know Billings and Stover," said the notice, "this will introduce them." But there was no need to be theatrical for this partnership was as familiar to Harvard students as the pump in the Yard and the new lecture hall across the way. Too familiar, perhaps, for countless men would pull the bell out front to see if there really was a nightman ready to fill prescriptions. The nightman has since left, but little else about the store has changed.

Now advertising itself as "a drugstore, first, last and always," Billings and Stover started in 1854 to roll pills and three wars have not stood in its way. Over 1000 prescriptions were filled that first year—the same number are packaged now in a week. An all-around pharmacy from the first, the store initially provided "foreign leeches of recent importation" to take care of black eyes in the days when John Harvard had no green bag to swing. Swelling eyelids didn't keep pace with the swelling business, however, and that exotic item was dropped.

Yet the past is very much a part of Billings and Stover. One wall is lined with duplicates of every prescription filled since 1854, and pictures of the namesakes are over the door.

The past also saw a prosperous soda business, and barrels of coke syrup were stored in the basement, alongside other essential philtres. A new fountain was installed in 1908, the first soda shop in the Square. But the owners made little concession to the straw-sucking customers, for no stools stood in front of the fountain, and soda and candy were primarily a sideline. Two years ago, the prescription business was so overwhelming that the fountain was forfeited. Billings and Stover became apothecaries in the strict sense of the word.

The vanishing fountain is only one indication of how great the drug line has become. Almost a million prescriptions have been ordered and mailed to Roosevelts, Longfellows, and such in the States; to less well-known patrons in Siberia, Greenland, and even Tibet. Techniques of compounding potions have changed little since the customers wore string ties and bustles, but the products are somewhat different. Patent medicines are less in demand now, and if there are any home remedies in stock, they are dwarfed by a modern refrigerator that holds biological serums and penicillin. Business is strictly ethical, and though students may use the store telephone to schedule a rendez-vous, they know better than to ask for benzedrine. Tradition is piled heavily on the back counters and pulls in more customers than would any flashy window display.

After 140 Years, Sad Farewells

By EUGENIA B. SCHRAA
CRIMSON STAFF WRITER

Phyllis E. Madanian stands behind a glass case filled with fudge.

There's green peppermint fudge, cappuccino fudge that's foamy white with cinnamon brown sprinkled on top, fudge with giant malted milk balls popping out of the top. There's a brand new flavor, a creamy brown Milky Way fudge.

Madanian spends her days making and selling fudge. She goes through 150 pounds a week at Billings & Stover Apothecary, the gritty, old-fashioned Brattle Street soda fountain she owns and operates.

For the past 140 years, Billings & Stover has been a drug store that filled prescriptions at the back counter and sold cosmetics, exotic perfumes and ice cream in the front.

Until recently. When business slowed two years ago, Madanian stopped selling drugs and turned the prescription counter into a kitchen. She added a bakery, expanded the cosmetics counter and kept going.

But now the woman who struggled to keep Billings & Stover alive in recent years has announced the store will close its doors forever Feb. 28.

Madanian's father, a Boston pharmacist, bought the store in 1975 and it's been a part of her life ever since. Indeed, she practically grew up in pharmacies—her earliest memory is of spinning on the fountain stools in her father's Boston shop. But after a life in the business, she decided last month she couldn't afford to keep going on her own.

"Maybe it's old school of me, but [my father] raised me believing that if you put enough elbow grease into it, you're going to stay afloat," she says. "This is a true independent. I'm the sole proprietor. I couldn't have somebody telling me what to do, after being independent for so long."

"I don't even take home a pay check anymore," she adds. "At one point, I just realized I can't afford to

work here anymore. Isn't that ridiculous? Not being able to afford to work?"

Billings & Stover isn't a typical drug store. In the middle of the store sits a cardboard box filled with oversize, bug-eyed sunglasses, straight from the '70s. On shelves lining the walls are arrayed Marilyn Monroe lunchboxes and statuettes of Elvis Presley standing next to a Harley Davidson motorbike. Behind the counter, a shelf holds fancy hairbrushes, combs and perfumes that can usually be found only in Europe.

"I do all the ordering," Madanian says. "I like to order things that are practical but will also bring a smile to people's faces."

According to Madanian, these are the kinds of unusual products people come to Billings & Stover just to buy.

"We don't sell anything here you could buy at CVS," she says. "We don't sell Ivory soap. We could be giving it away, nobody would take it here."

Billings & Stover has a devoted following among locals, Madanian says. And lately client after client has come in offering her their sympathy over the store's closing.

"It's been like a funeral in here," she says.

Like many of the customers, Bob Landers has made Billings & Stover part of his lifelong routine. For the last 60 years, Landers has come into the store almost every morning at 6:15 a.m. to open up. He used to work as a pharmacist, but ever since Billings & Stover stopped selling drugs, he "mostly putters around," as he puts it. Every morning he cooks up chocolate chip cookies, makes the coffee and helps Madanian set up the fudge and baked goods.

The store opens at eight o'clock on time for its "coffee and newspaper regulars," Madanian says.

"Not many people come in for the soda fountain in the morning," Landers says.

But Madanian says, not so fast.

"There's that woman who always gets her diet

Liberated by Chaucer

By **NALINA SOMBUNTHAM**
CRIMSON STAFF WRITER

Her husband was gone, her kids were out of the house and she had no job to speak of.

In the late 1970s, a recently divorced Anne Worthington Prescott '52 found herself in need of solace.

"So if all doors are closed to you, it's a great time for invention, for something new—so I started reading Chaucer," she says. "If I had been distracted, I wouldn't have gotten into Chaucer."

Prescott found laughter in the four-

ing famous, and Prescott says the work has much to say about contemporary culture's obsession with celebrity.

Her passion for Chaucer also inspired a conversion to Catholicism.

"Chaucer was a very free-thinking Catholic," says Prescott, who now attends mass regularly. "[My conversion] is part of my attraction to Chaucer. He was very devout."

Spiritually, creatively and academically, a fourteenth-century icon has enabled a once shy girl from an impoverished southern aristocracy to become, as she

and had children I realized that if I tried to write and take care of children I would go crazy—or they would," she says.

Though she flirted with the notion of studying medieval literature after graduation, she quickly dismissed the idea as an impossibility. At Radcliffe she had taken a class on Chaucer and found she liked the poet's work, but left it behind to pursue the more practical classes in modern literature that she would need to become an English teacher.

She did eventually become a teacher, having taken graduate courses in education and English at Boston University after the youngest of her three daughters was five or six.

Married life also took her to New York City, where her husband was studying to be a doctor and where she began to reassert her leadership she had once employed to plan the neighborhood plays.

By her own account, Prescott had shirked top positions as a Radcliffe undergraduate. But in New York, Prescott championed the establishment of the Medical Center Nursery School at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital. She organized a group of the hospital's mothers, battled the opposition of the city's buildings department—and the hospital itself—and even telegraphed the mayor.

In the later years of her married life, Prescott assumed a number of teaching posts and helped to found a primary school in Brookline—but still hadn't found a creative outlet.

Those who have been close to Prescott over the years echo her view of the late 1970s as the turning point in her life.

"Since her divorce she's become more of a free spirit," says her nephew Bucky E. Brandt, a 10th-grade high school teacher in Vermont, who has given her advice on how to make her new book appeal to high school students.

What had started simply as a personal amusement became a serious pursuit and brought her in touch with established scholars. Seeing academics close up, Prescott became convinced academics are too often unwilling to explore new avenues.

"They won't plough new ground or be adventurous—there is too much risk taking," Prescott says. "I was able to take risks. I feel like I'm really living."

At her home in Pinole, Calif., she continues to be involved in community issues, in particular education and housing for the poor. She recently lobbied for tobacco settlement money to fund a family health program and visits a nearby juvenile detention center monthly to reach out to young people.

With her newfound artistic freedom, Prescott has explored a number of art forms. She plans to publish *Amanda and the Dragon*, a children's story about a girl who visits a cathedral, where she finds a dragon whom she tames, as he tames her.

And after two decades of setting Chaucer to music, she thinks she's ready to tackle a full-length musical—now that she's wrapped up work on her Chaucer book.

"I think it's great that at her age she has taken up this endeavor and published this book," Brandt says, "and I think it's something she really cares about and loves."

—Staff writer *Nalina Sombuntham* can be reached at sombunth@fas.harvard.edu.

Class of 1952

Anne Worthington Prescott Inspired by Medieval Poetry

teenth-century English poet's texts—they cheered her up when she says she should have been depressed. Soon Geoffrey Chaucer permeated her life.

"I started hearing music," she says. "I began starting to translate him to modern music performances. I'm still doing that."

Her collaboration with composers has resulted in performances of her Chaucer settings in Germany and South Africa.

And next fall Prescott will publish her first book, *Imagining Fame: An Introduction to Geoffrey Chaucer's House of Fame*, an analysis of one of his lesser-known satires. Chaucer wrote the work as he was becom-

says, "truly liberated."

For Prescott, the changes in her life over the past two decades have recalled her years growing up in Virginia.

She was born the fifth Anne Lee of her family, a line of academic distinction—her grandfather had been Harvard's registrar.

Katherine A. Brittell, a childhood neighbor, says Prescott exhibited her passion for literature at a young age.

"Anne was a year younger than I was and yet I felt she always was smarter than I was," Brittell says. "She was reading *War and Peace* when I was reading the *Wizard of Oz*."



Courtesy Ann Prescott

Brittell and Prescott constructed a telephone hook-up by hanging a string between their facing windows, and her brother worked with Prescott on neighborhood play productions.

"They did a lot of that," Brittell says. "The mothers would contribute little cakes and pies to sell during intermissions."

Prescott looks back fondly on these carefree years—"then of course, I had to get serious about life," she says.

Seriousness stifled the exuberance and creativity of childhood. Like many women of her generation, Prescott says her life was already laid out before her: she anticipated that she would become either a teacher or a secretary.

"I majored in English because I was sure I was going to be a teacher," she says.

Like many of her Radcliffe classmates, she married before senior year and moved off campus. Married life didn't leave time for her to pursue her true love of creative writing.

"When I married

Looking for Leverage, Knafel Gives to Harvard

By **STEPHANIE M. SKIER**
CRIMSON STAFF WRITER

Sidney R. Knafel '52 believes in leverage—in business, education and philanthropy.

"You want to have a larger sound than the voice you're expressing," he says.

Teaming up with other people, either in business ventures or in philanthropy, is the way Knafel says he has gained that sort of leverage.

And supporting Harvard is Knafel's way of making a difference and contributing to the advancement of education.

Knafel has donated \$14 million to Harvard for the construction of the Center for Government and International Studies (CGIS)—originally named the Knafel Center. It will house the Department of

difference in the world. The fact that I went there, that's just a coincidence."

Beyond his contributions to Harvard, Knafel donates his time and money to other "excellent" institutions. He sits on the board of Wellesley College, the alma mater of his late wife Susan Rappaport Knafel, and, just a few weeks ago, he went up to Andover to look at the site for a new building, as the head of an architectural committee to construct more facilities at the school—which he attended briefly before arriving at Harvard.

The Harvard Years

A native of Westchester County, Knafel lived in Winthrop House while an undergraduate—although he freely admits that his busy schedule and visits to Wellesley left him little time to spend there.

Knafel spent much of his time in his undergraduate years at The



Courtesy Sidney Knafel

continued to serve as chair until its sale in 1981—although he has continued to be deeply involved in the industry, serving on the board of Insight Communications Company, Inc. since 1985, as a director of a broadband communications company, as well as biotech and other private firms.

Currently, he is the managing partner of SRK Management Company, a private investment company.

Class of 1952

Sidney R. Knafel Harvard Donor

Government as well as various research centers related to government and international affairs.

Construction should have begun by now, but after hundreds of hours of talk and debate with the city, the University is still negotiating for the final permits.

The building plan by architect Henry N. Cobb proposes two four-story buildings of rounded glass and terra cotta facing each other across Cambridge Street. The latest point of contention is an underground tunnel beneath the street that would link the buildings.

The project has now grown so much in cost that the University last fall asked Knafel if it could name just one of the buildings after him—and free up the other building to attract some other major donor.

Knafel said last fall he could have dug in his heels and insisted on keeping his name over the entire center, but after "forthright" talks with University fundraisers he agreed to the naming change.

"Calling two buildings 'Knafel Center' satisfies a crying ego need I apparently have," Knafel said. "But I figured I could overcome that and free up a building for some guy who's got to come along and shell out a couple of bucks."

"There are too many things Harvard has to do," he added. "One thing they shouldn't have to do is battle with their supporters."

His approach to his center is indicative of how he treats Harvard in general—with humor, a heartfelt reverence and warmth.

He says Harvard has been—for him and others—a "wonderful place to grow up and become aware of the world."

But Knafel says his personal experiences at Harvard are not the reason he has donated so much to the advancement of the University. Excellence, rather than personal connection, is what Knafel says brings him to provide his support.

"I don't get involved in Harvard because I'm trying to give back. Consciously that's not a factor for me," he says. "I believe that helping Harvard can really make a

Crimson as the newspaper's business manager. Knafel says he gained valuable real world business experience that he could later apply in future business ventures, but what he enjoyed most about The Crimson was the camaraderie among the editors.

Looking back on those years at the College, Knafel says he feels now that he and fellow students lacked a greater awareness of the world outside Harvard.

"We were really quite naïve," he says. "We were brought up in a depression, and a war. It should have made us very sophisticated, but it didn't."

"The issues we had were inconsequential, frivolous concerns," he adds.

The independence and individual responsibility that Harvard required of him as an undergraduate was a formative experience for Knafel. He says the lack of advising was an incentive for him to take initiative and make decisions on his own.

"We really were thrown into an adult world," he says.

Knafel says one major regret of the undergraduate career is having taken the class, Democratic Theory and Its Critics. This class was the only one in which the economics concentrator received a grade of less than a B.

Disappointed with his low grade, the young Knafel approached the grader about it, only to receive the harsh response that he should be lucky to have gotten the grade he did.

After graduating from the College, Knafel recalls that he wanted to do anything to stay in Cambridge. His interest in business made Harvard Business School (HBS) seem to be the natural choice.

Knafel said he was surprised to find a "moat" between Cambridge and the B-school. While he was initially disappointed at his distance from the gates of the College, Knafel excelled at HBS and said he enjoyed his time there.

In his first year, Knafel won a Baker Scholarship, the school's highest scholastic honor.

He founded Vision Cable in 1971 and

Outside the Boardroom

While maintaining his busy schedule, and remaining active in business and philanthropy, Knafel also has found time for other pursuits, developing an extensive collection of antiques.

Collecting maps is a hobby of Knafel's that goes back about 20 years to a piece of property on Martha's Vineyard. When Knafel purchased the Martha's Vineyard property, which contained a small pond, he heard rumor that the pond had at one time been open to the ocean. Interested in finding out if there was truth to this tale, Knafel acquired an old map of the area. The map indeed showed the land with the pond open to the ocean.

Since acquiring that first antique map, Knafel has acquired an entire collection, with the oldest map dating back to 1434.

Knafel says he enjoys seeing how an understanding of the physical world developed over time. In his collection, he has early maps that show California as an island, and later ones that show California after it was discovered to be part of the North American land mass.

"The nice thing about maps is that they show how the world was discovered," Knafel says. "It is literally a graphic study."

Part of the map collection will be on display in Pusey Library during commencement. Also on display from Knafel's collection is a manuscript that contains the first reference to "Harvard Colledge" in a published document. The display is only the latest way Knafel's contributions have bolstered the University.

"I think I'm being constructive. Alumni can be very constructive, not just in providing financial resources, which of course is vital, but more than that, I think involved alumni really provide a discipline to the staff and the faculty," he says. "We reaffirm our dedication to what they're doing."

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Saving Lives at Sea With a Wireless in Hand

By **ALEXANDER J. BLENKINSOPP**
CRIMSON STAFF WRITER

A cardiologist with a penchant for ham radio employs his hobby to save the life of a person who was shot by pirates while at sea in the Caribbean.

It's not an adventure novel. It's what Jim C.

"His was surely the spirit behind the continuation of the club," wrote William L. Hampton '52, a friend and classmate of Hirschman, and the first president of the wireless club since its reestablishment, in an account of the club's history.

Hirschman served as the club's second president and, in addition to his involvement

Class of 1952

Jim C. Hirschman Doctor of the Airwaves

Hirschman did—twice.

Hirschman has spent his professional life as a physician and his spare time cultivating his interest in amateur radio. And at practically every stage, he has brought the two together.

Radio technology and medical know-how came together most dramatically in April 2000. Pirates had boarded the sailboat of a Dutch family off the coast of Honduras and had shot a 13-year-old boy who was aboard. His injuries were so severe that the bullet severed his spinal cord and paralyzed him.

The boy's father, seeing his son's critical state, put out a call for help over ham radio. For nine hours, Hirschman used the radio to instruct the father how to provide medical assistance—aid that helped bring the boy back from the brink of death.

Almost a year later, Hirschman provided medical assistance when pirates boarded a Swedish vessel off the coast of Venezuela and shot a sailor.

"It's almost as if you've prepared your whole life for this event," Hirschman said. "They have the need and you have the skill."

For his exploits in the Caribbean, he received the 2001 International Humanitarian Award of the American Radio Relay League, the nation's leading organization for amateur radio.

As an undergraduate at Harvard, the Indiana native spent his time toying with antennae atop the roofs of Hollis Hall and Adams House. He was so interested in amateur radio that he helped to reestablish the long defunct Harvard Wireless Club.

with the wireless club, was an active member of the Harvard R i f l e Team and dated a Wellesley student who eventually became his first wife—an activity that, in retrospect, he classifies along with his other extracurriculars.

Alongside his activities outside the classroom, he pursued academic life as a chemistry concentrator following an informal pre-med curriculum.

He never actually graduated with the Class of 1952, although he completed the first three years of his undergraduate program and to this day is listed along with all the other members of the Class in their anniversary reports.

With the draft and stormy world events looming over his generation of college men, Hirschman left the College early and enrolled in medical school at Indiana University, one of many institutions that accepted three-year undergraduates at the time.

"We were afraid that we'd get our college experience aborted by the war in Korea," he says.

Hirschman, who has authored articles in such publications as the British Heart Journal and the Journal of the American Medical Association, says his professional path may have been somewhat different had he decided to stay at Harvard for the fourth year before embarking on his medical career.

"I probably would have stayed more in academics and research," he says.

Instead, Hirschman went on to receive his M.D. in 1955 and then serve for three years as a U.S. Navy doctor.

Medical school proved to be a distinctly different experience from life at the College.

"At Harvard, we were expected to think, and in medical school, one is expected to memorize," he said. "Although I had to struggle to get a 'B' average at Harvard, I went on to get all A's in my first semester of medical school."

After completing his formal schooling and finishing his time in the armed services, Hirschman put to work both his medical and his radio skills to develop what he calls his most rewarding achievement—a system for transmitting electrocardiograph readings via radio. It was the first on-scene emergency care system to transmit medical data by radio.

"The thread that runs through all this is networking to put together unrelated skills to solve problems," he says.

He incorporated the new emergency care system into a curriculum he developed to teach firefighters how to be paramedics—a practice that has taken root in many cities across the country.

In the years since he created the emergency care system, Hirschman says the infrastructure has developed in ways he hadn't anticipated, with a heavier emphasis on training than in the past.

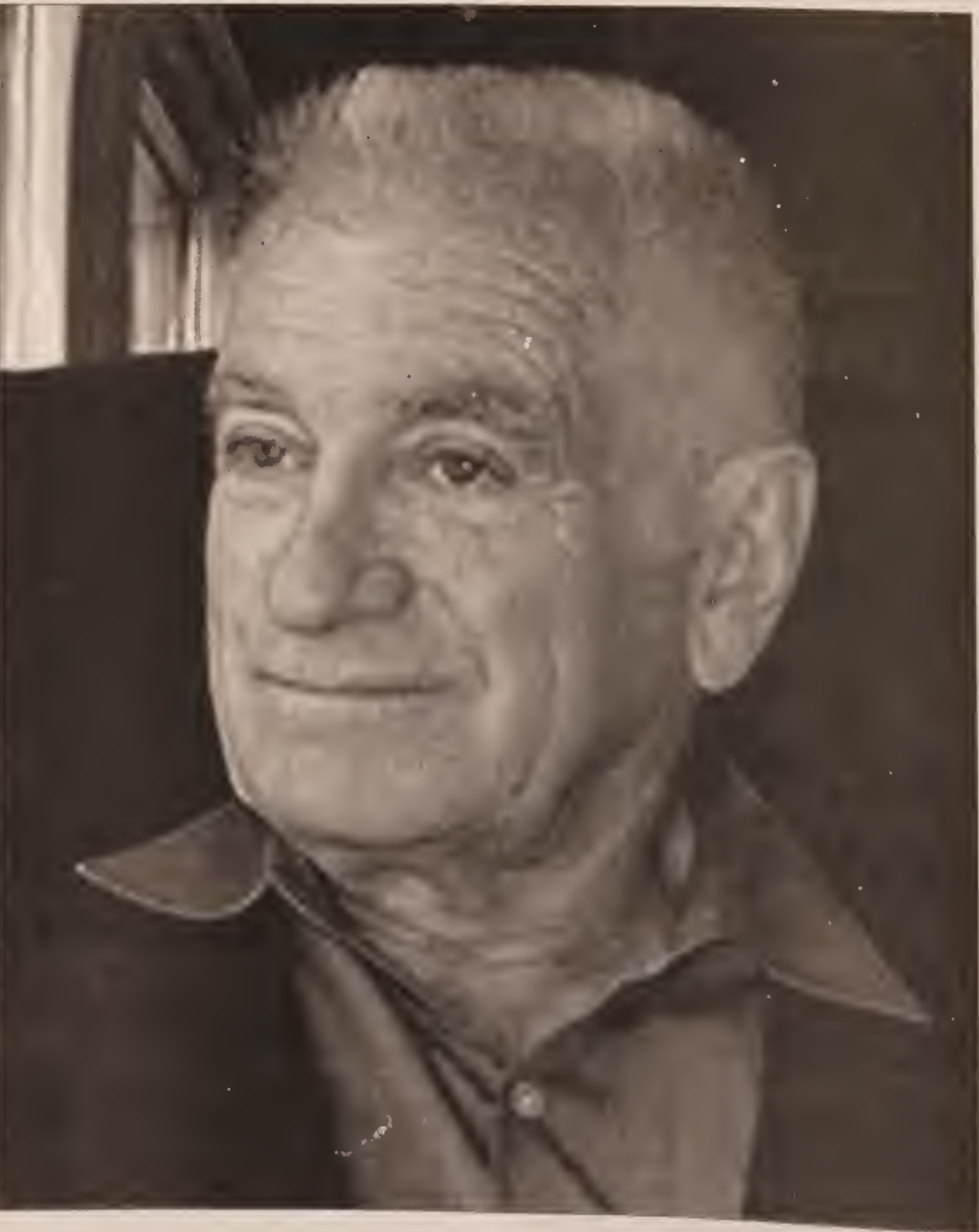
Paramedic training now generally requires two years of junior college education, and he says this highly specialized and intensive approach means fewer people receive training in the first place.

"In many ways, it's become too academic," he says. "There's the potential to hurt, as [training] becomes more expensive."

As for his own training, Hirschman felt early on that he should put his dual expertise in radio and medicine to use on the high seas—where paramedics couldn't reach.

"I was a young doctor," he says. "I was successful. My practice was growing. But I wanted to do more."

—Staff writer *Alexander J. Blenkinsopp* can be reached at blenkins@fas.harvard.edu.



Courtesy Jim Hirschman

A Vigilante Travels the Consulting Circuit Alone

From rescuing the National Rifle Association to running a counter-culture magazine, Billings takes charge

By **STEPHEN W. STROMBERG**
CRIMSON STAFF WRITER

In the spring of 1952, a little less than three weeks before an undergraduate troupe was to present its first outdoor performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the director quit, calling the situation hopeless.

Undeterred, the show's producer—Thomas N. Billings '52—didn't hesitate: he would fill in as director himself.

Commencement was fast approaching, the Harvard Dramatic Club was desperately strapped for



Class of 1952

Thomas N. Billings Consultant

cash and Billings was producing the Shakespearean comedy to raise some much-needed revenue.

On opening night, the players and spectators assembled behind the Fogg Museum, which then offered a picturesque setting for a summer gathering.

Drizzle wetted the faces of the actors and audience members in the garden, and some of the light-bulbs strung in the trees to illuminate the performance exploded.

Billings stood before the audience and said he wouldn't be offended if they left. But no one did, the show went on, and the performance received rave reviews in the Boston Herald.

That night proved to be Billings' fondest Harvard memory.

It was also a time when he quickly took control and solved a problem—something he has made a career out of.

Billings is a vigilante, in his own way. He's never spent much time doing one thing in particular, preferring to show up, strike and fade away. He never stayed at one job for very long, instead filling in where he was needed.

He's spent his professional career largely as a consultant, playing fast and loose in a world of headhunters and making a name for himself on his own.

Billings has worked for both the National Rifle Association (NRA) and a counterculture magazine called the Mother Earth News. His many exploits in journalism and consulting have won him mention in no less than six editions of *Who's Who* (including *Who's Who in America* and *Who's Who in Science and Engineering*).

More recently, returning to older passions, he has started directing plays for his local theater, recording voice-overs for documentaries, writing a cookbook series, running his own publishing imprint and dabbling in the software industry.

Though it ended in Tercenary Theater, Billings' undergraduate career began at Deep Springs College, a small working cattle ranch in rural California that also offers a highly-regarded two-year liberal arts program.

After two years of ranch work and course work at Deep Springs, he transferred to Harvard. Here he discovered that he had already completed all the requirements for his government concentration. Freed from the pressure to specialize in one area of study, Billings explored the full diversity of classes in Harvard's catalog.

"I had the privilege of spending my two upper-class years taking...things like geology and architecture and music," he says. It was "really enriching stuff."

He also became active in the Dramatic Club and the College radio station, WHRB, and eventually wound up as president of both organizations.

His time with the Dramatic Club inspired him to spend two summers working as the assistant to the general manager of a New Jersey theater company, and his interest piqued.

"As a result of that...I decided to change my whole life career objective," he says. "I decided I'd study business...and go into the theater business."

But after earning a degree from Harvard Business School, Billings decided that going into the theater business "wasn't the smartest thing to do" and turned his sights on newspapers instead.

"I made the circuit from Denver to San Francisco to San Diego to Houston," he says, "and talked to 28 different newspaper organizations, and every one of them turned me down."

But Billings did eventually get a call from Copley Newspapers in San Diego and was offered a spot on the corporate staff. Thirteen years later, in 1970, he left his job with Copley (which, looking back, he remembers as "nirvana") and decided to become a consultant.



Courtesy Thomas Billings

From here on, Billings' professional life was marked by a parade of different posts—from business manager at the National Enquirer to editor of the United Nations Observer and International Report to an executive editor of the United Media Chain.

Lead among his roster of clients was the National Rifle Association, where in 1976 he became executive director. The organization was losing millions of dollars every year in the mid-1970s, and Billings was brought on to make it financially solvent once again.

To this day Billings lists his brief work with the NRA, which turned around its financial statement, as his most rewarding achievement.

But he never shared the ideological fervor of his colleagues. He says he never owned a gun in his life, which made some of his coworkers uncomfortable.

From their point of view, Billings says, "it was clear I wasn't one of them." But as far as he was concerned, he had no qualms in the two years he spent there.

"As a management consultant, I view the world the same way as lawyers view the world," he says. "As long as the other organization is functioning in a legal manner, they're probably entitled to...competent management."

From the NRA, Billings headed directly to the other end of the political spectrum, becoming president of the Mother Earth News. The publication, which contains articles on sustainable energy and raising crops and livestock, is what he calls "a marvelous counterculture magazine."

But all that, Billings now insists, is "ancient history."

After these initial excursions in journalism and consulting, a headhunter found him and asked him to move to San Francisco and become president of the Recorder Printing and Publishing Company. He accepted the job and presided over a battery of daily legal and commercial newspapers in San Francisco.

At the same time he accepted another printing company and, in the process, met an attorney who represented a startup personal computer company in Silicon Valley.

The attorney asked Billings to head up an effort to write the technical manuals for the PC startup.

"We've got this wonderful machine we've been shipping to people for 90 days now," the attorney told him, "but there isn't a shred of information to tell people how to use it or even how to get it out of the box and plug it into the wall."

The prospect of entering a new and growing industry was too tempting to pass up, and he accepted. Running the nascent company's technical publication department, Billings headed a team of 40 writers producing "jillions" of technical manuals and instruction booklets.

From publishing technical materials for the

company, Billings went on to become its worldwide director of marketing, communications and public relations.

The firm enjoyed financial success during one year in the early '80s, but good times did not last long. At one time it employed 3,000 people, but the next year the thriving operation had become one of the fastest shrinking companies in the area.

"IBM introduced its PC," Billings says, "and in those days there was a lot of security in the three letters IBM and not much security in anyone else's name."

The company went under along with scores of other startups at that time.

Undaunted, Billings contacted a headhunter who got him in touch with another young computer company. He was sent to London to be general manager of the company's British subsidiary while its initial public offering was being prepared in the United States. Initially the assignment was temporary—just six to eight weeks—but those few weeks turned into five years.

That company also eventually went bust, but Billings retained a number of consulting clients in Britain, including Insignia Solutions, another young technology firm, and eventually became managing director.

For a year-and-a-half, he commuted from London, where the firm's development group was situated, to the marketing operation in Silicon Valley.

But by 1990, Billings had left Insignia Solutions and once again began consulting, once again moving from job to job, looking for new scenery.

He is writing a cookbook series and has authored a children's book, *The Cat Who Couldn't Meow*, which he says follows "the saga of our blue char-treux," one of the seven founding cats his wife has collected over the years. In conjunction with his writing, he has founded his own publishing imprint, Zzyzyxx Press.

Billings also keeps busy singing bass in his local choir and lending his reassuring drawl to voice-overs for documentaries. And he hasn't forgotten his early pursuits—he now acts in and directs shows at the Alameda Repertory Theater, which he founded, and writes editorials for his local newspaper.

These activities bring the resume of Thomas Neal Billings up to date—a resume filled with occupations and pastimes. He recalls the complicated chronology of his past 50 years easily and cheerfully offers his daughter's appraisal of a life filled with frenetic activity.

"One thing they can't say, dad," she told him, "is that you haven't lived an interesting life."

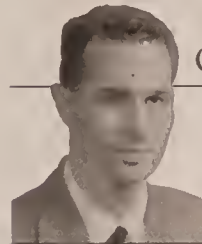
—Staff writer Stephen W. Stromberg can be reached at stromber@fas.harvard.edu.

Set Designer Finds Famed Theatre of the Deaf

By **ANAT MAYTAL**
CRIMSON STAFF WRITER

In 1967, Anne Bancroft and Arthur Penn were inspired. The famed actress and director had just finished work on *The Miracle Worker*, a film based on the true story of Helen Keller.

They wanted to create a company that would provide a stage for deaf actors,



Class of 1952

David A. Hays National Theatre of the Deaf

directors and designers in the theater world—and the federal government was eager to bestow money on such a project.

But it wasn't until David A. Hays '52 stepped in that the National Theatre of the Deaf took shape.

Hays brought so much success as the company's artistic director that in its very first year of existence, the company mounted its first national tour. Its first stop was at Hays' alma mater: the National Theatre played to a sold-out house at the Loeb Drama Center.

The man who created the National Theatre stayed for three decades, keeping the company together after it was shaken by an embezzlement scandal in 1994. He moved from his original position as artistic director to run the company's administration and fundraising operations.

The famed stage designer saved the company he had founded and it now boasts of being the first American theatrical group to have worked on all seven continents.

David A. Hays came to the theater world by accident in high school. When he injured his shoulder in a friendly game of football, it ended his opportunity to play on the school basketball team. Instead, he turned to theater productions, where he discovered that his true interests lay in theatrical design.

"Scenery and design incorporated the things I love like drawing, sketching, and making things," he says.

At Harvard, Hays was a fine arts concentrator and worked for the Harvard Drama Club and the Hasty Pudding Theater. As a sophomore he began what became a three-year apprenticeship at the Brattle Theatre, in the days when it still showed plays and musicals. Under the guidance of the company's head designer, Hays worked on about 50 productions.

Those projects inspired him to apply

for a Fulbright grant to work at the Old Vic, one of London's oldest theaters and legendary throughout the English-speaking world. He became an apprentice there, too, and worked on productions directed by famed Shakespeareans Lawrence Olivier, John Gielgud and Peter Brook.

Returning from England, Hays con-

tinued his studies at the Yale Drama School and received a master's degree in 1955 from Boston University's School for the Arts.

At BU he advocated successfully for the creation of a School of Theater Arts. And he actively worked to create a drama program at his alma mater to match the caliber of that at the Yale Drama School.

"It did not make sense to give credit for Shakespeare on paper and not also towards serious work in performing Shakespeare on the theater stage," he says.

Hays even wrote a letter urging the University to give credit toward theater productions but received few enthusiastic responses.

"It's very hard to change things at Harvard," he says.

In 1955, with Boston theaters, the Yale drama program and even his stint at the Old Vic behind him, Hays moved to the center of the theater world.

He worked in New York for 15 years as a stage designer and produced set and lighting designs for more than 50 Broadway plays, 30 ballets for George Balanchine, productions at Lincoln Center, as well as seasons at the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Connecticut.

But even after he won awards for his off-Broadway designs and earned several Tony nominations, when the National Theatre of the Deaf came along in 1967, Hays turned away from stage design and found a new love in his theatrical life.

"My life as a designer is really of the past," he told a Harvard Magazine interviewer in 1976. "The National Theatre of the Deaf is my passion. That is what I care about."

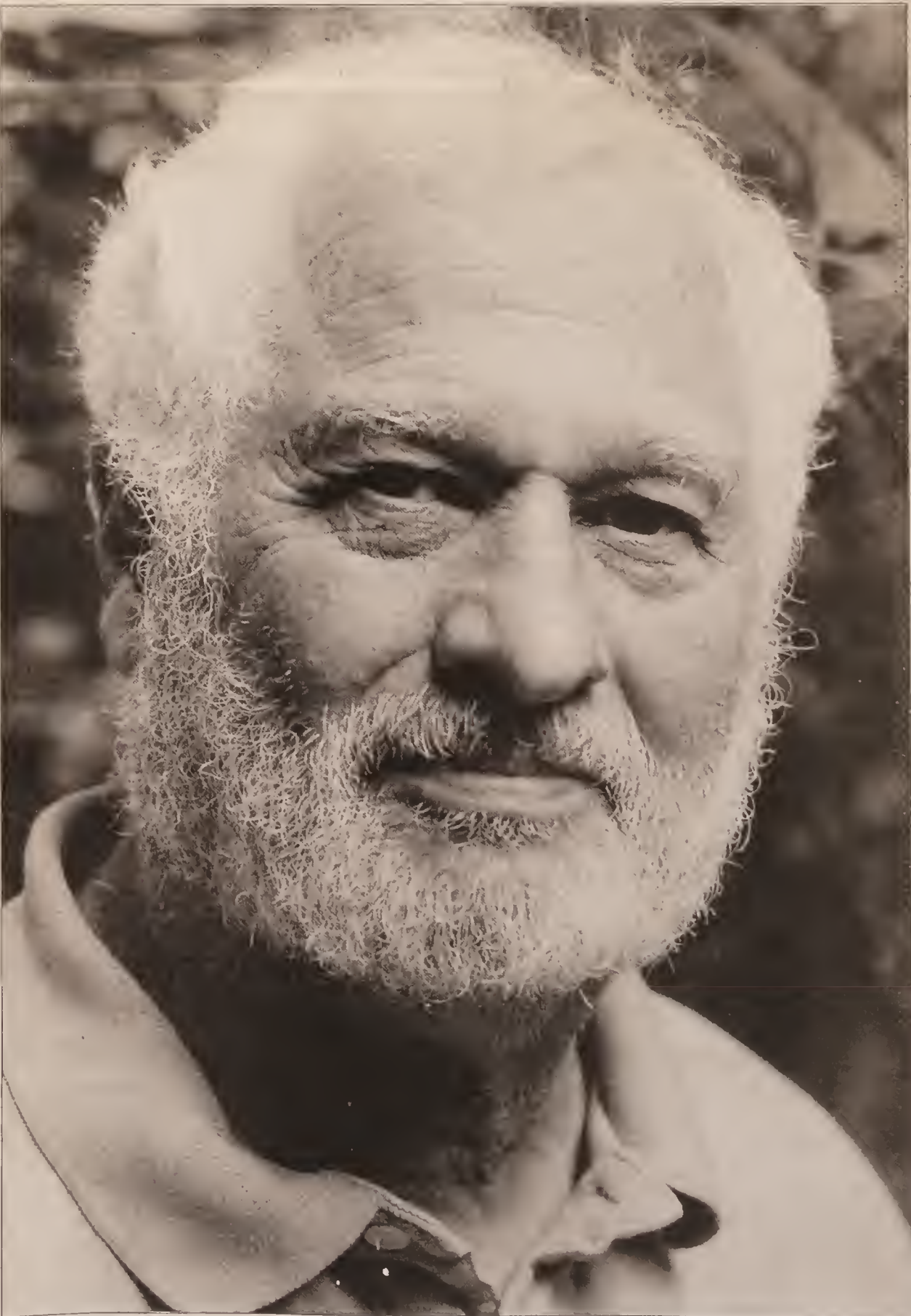
He served as a producer and director for the company for 30 years, and though he retired in 1996 his daughter, Julia Klebanow '77, remains actively involved in the theater.

But when Hays tries to say what drove him to write it, he explains it as a matter of compulsion, not of choice.

"Sailors can't help but write," he says. The success of *My Old Man and the*

Sea brought Hays a new career in writing. In 2001 he published his second book, *Today I am a Boy*, detailing the renewal of his Jewish faith when he studied for his bar-mitzvah at the age of 66.

Among his many awards for lifelong work, including the National Governors' Arts Award in 1992, Hays said he takes most pride in his Harvard Arts Medal.



Courtesy David Hays

He received the medal in 1999, the fifth recipient of an award that honors distinguished Harvard alumni who achieve excellence in the arts and achieve public good through their artistic endeavors.

With the award, he joined illustrious company—before him, it had gone to John Updike '54, Bonnie Raitt '72, Pete Seeger '40 and Jack Lemmon '47.

And an exhibit this spring at the

Harvard Theatre Collection featured Hays as one of several alumni who have led lives as designers for the stage—a profession that, looking back, he feels was his true calling.

"I love to design," he says. "I didn't have a choice. You just do what comes your way."

—Staff writer Anat Maytal can be reached at maytal@fas.harvard.edu.

Defying Harvard Law School's Verdict

By RAVI P. AGRAWAL
CRIMSON STAFF WRITER

Tucked away in an inconspicuous corner of his Miami home, Edmond Joseph Gong '52 preserves a nearly half-century-old letter—a letter that served as inspiration for him to beat the odds, again and again.

The letter came from Harvard Law School, where Gong had just failed his first-year exams, and it said that he would not be invited back to Harvard. In fact, it said, Gong would “never become a lawyer.”

But he went on to earn a law degree, served as a U.S. attorney and later won an improbable victory to become the first American of Chinese ancestry elected to the Florida state legislature.

The law school episode came after an undergraduate career at Harvard where Gong had encountered—and overcome—academic difficulties.

He had attended Miami Senior High School and by his own account struggled to catch up with his prep-school counterparts when he came to the College.

“There was a natural divide between the high school graduates and the prep-school graduates. They wore their Ivy-League suits, knew how to take notes, and how to study effectively,” he says. “But I caught up soon.”

Although “you simply couldn't go to a party



Courtesy Edmond Gong

but they said that I could petition to rejoin,” he says.

But Gong's petition was rejected, and he soon received a second letter from the law school. This one said he would never be a lawyer because he had flunked out.

“I kept that letter for motivation,” he says. “I was an only son, and I felt I had let my family down.”

After this setback, Gong stayed on in Hong Kong



Class of 1952

Edmond J. Gong Legislator

without a tuxedo,” he says, there was nevertheless a sense of brotherhood in the Class of 1952, irrespective of class or high school background.

“It all came down to what you had in your brain, how you thought,” he says.

Like many incoming college first-years at the time, Gong harbored hopes of becoming a doctor. His parents wanted him to be a missionary in China. But after a year of fulfilling his pre-med requirements, Gong realized that he was more interested in economics and government.

College started as a struggle—in his very first term, he failed almost all his hourly exams and his father came to Cambridge unannounced to lift his spirits.

“Harvard makes it very difficult to flunk out of college,” he says. “I went on to make it to the finish line as the first Gong to go to college.”

Gong says he felt “a certain loneliness” at Harvard because there were so few Asian Americans. But he remembers the help he received along the way. While working at Hong Lo Doy restaurant in Boston's Chinatown, Dean of Freshmen Judson Shaplin came to the restaurant with his wife one Saturday evening to boost his morale and tell him not to worry about his scholarship.

Gong went on to graduate with honors, an achievement he attributes to Samuel P. Huntington, now a famed professor and social scientist but then a government fellow and senior tutor at Kirkland House.

He “touched my life at critical times when I was down and hurting,” Gong says.

“No Sam, no *cum laude*,” he quips.

After graduating from the College Gong went on to serve in the Air Force for two years as a second lieutenant—having attended college with war veterans who were a “very positive and inspiring” influence—and after his stint in the Air Force, Gong decided he wanted to become a politician.

He enrolled at Harvard Law School, thinking a legal degree was the first step toward a political career. There he encountered an academic setting less forgiving than the one at the College.

“I didn't last there long, you know,” he says.

While on vacation in Hong Kong after his first year, Gong received word that he had failed his examinations.

“I was below standard so I wasn't welcomed back,

and, as he looked for other means to obtain a law degree, he worked as a freelance journalist with the Hong Kong Tiger Standard.

He married and moved back to the United States. Through personal connections, he found that the University of Miami School of Law would allow him a second chance, unlike most schools, which wouldn't accept a student who had failed at another institution. He continued with journalism in Miami, too, working as a reporter with the Herald to pay for his education.

This time he did graduate. After just a little over a year of working for a private firm, he was introduced to then-Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy '48, who made him a proposition. Kennedy offered Gong a position with the Justice Department in Washington, but he turned the opportunity down.

“I had a family, and we weren't a wealthy family. I had four kids, needed a big house, and things wouldn't work out in Washington,” he says. “I couldn't afford it, and I didn't want separation.”

Kennedy appointed him assistant U.S. attorney, which allowed him to remain in Miami, but even though he stayed, Gong still had to sacrifice time with his family for his budding political career.

“I was a prosecutor in Miami, but I was attracted to running for office so that I could challenge the norm and prove that the American dream was really true and that anyone could make it,” he says.

He did prove himself. Gong was first elected to the Florida House of Representatives from Dade County in 1963 in an election that, he recalls, many had said he “didn't have a Chinaman's chance of winning.”

He went on to win election to the Florida State Senate in 1966 before returning to his law practice six years later.

“My political career was an experience in which I felt a lot of eyes were watching me,” he says, “but there was lots of goodwill.”

As the only minority representative in the state house at the time, Gong remembers that many of his colleagues were not used to working with a person of Chinese ancestry. But he says he never felt alienated or left out.

“I was never lonely,” he says. “I was part of the system.”

—Staff writer Ravi P. Agrawal can be reached at agrawal@fas.harvard.edu.

Telling Frost Family History

Poet's granddaughter finds her long-stifled academic voice

By CLAIRE A. PASTERNAK
CRIMSON STAFF WRITER

Lesley Lee Francis '52 kept a mass of press clippings in her desk. They documented a trip her mother and her grandfather took to South America in the mid-1950s.

“What am I supposed to do with this stuff?” she remembers asking herself at the time.

A decade later, it was looking through these papers that Francis first faced her grandfather's legacy—her grandfather was Robert Frost.

Quickly she became “hooked” on researching her grandfather's life as one of America's greatest poets, turning a family connection and deep

her grandfather, she insists, “I'm not one to go into sentimental raptures about school, about any school.”

Throughout her years of schooling—until, in fact, she earned her doctorate—she did not feel recognized as an academic because of her gender.

Applying to graduate school at the University of North Carolina, where she applied to be a teaching assistant, she was told the school simply would not allow women to be teaching assistants—because that would mean a woman would teach a classroom of men.

So she turned away from North Carolina

and went to Duke University, where she received a fellowship for graduate studies in Romance Languages.

With her degree from Duke, Francis took up teaching at Sweet Briar College

reserved her summers for La Granja, Spain, a town north of Madrid, where her mother had founded a summer school for American girls in 1962.

“We never made any money out of it but we had a nice summer vacation, a working vacation,” she says.

She ran the school until 1988 and over the years brought her whole family to Spain, where her daughter came as a student and eventually met her future husband.

“I could care less whether you study if you come back with a husband like that,” she says.

Class of 1952

Lesley Lee Francis Family Historian

interest into a full-fledged occupation.

Francis first read her grandfather's poetry as a child at home and memorized several of his poems. She saw him frequently and, like the rest of his close family, called him affectionately “RF.” Even today she recalls discussing with him the sound of poetry and “the strain of rhythm upon a meter.”

When her childhood impressions developed into a scholarly approach, Francis had finally found a place where could make a professional career of a personal pursuit.

She had already made a name for herself studying academic tenure and the status of women in higher education for the American Association of University Professors (AAUP). And as a Romance Languages professor she had experienced first-hand discrimination against women in academia.

By the time she started studying her grandfather, she had already raised a family of three daughters and had directed a summer school for American girls in Spain.

“I think it kind of falls naturally to women to wear many hats,” she says.

She confronted the same dilemma many of her Radcliffe classmates faced: finding recognition was difficult because of a history of “leaving women out on the edges.”

Recognition came in 1994 with the publication of a full-length Frost biography.

She'd finally etched a place for herself as a woman in the scholarly world.

in Virginia. But halfway through the 1961-62 school year, her employers found out she was pregnant with her first child. They promptly fired her.

“There was nothing subtle about that,” she says.

Tenure and Teaching

By 1974, after another decade of teaching, Francis joined the staff of AAUP, which studies the state of higher education and advocates for professors nationwide.

Having been twice denied teaching positions, she now tackled academic women's issues directly. She served on the association's committee on academic freedom and tenure and on another committee dedicated to the status of women.

She recalls the mindset of higher education administrators in the late 1960s and early 1970s, who would tell female tenure candidates, “You only need one breadwinner in the family. Why do you need tenure?”

Within the organization, Francis worked to bring minority representation to the AAUP. She also helped form the association's pro-affirmative action positions on events at the time, including the influential Regents of the University of California v. Bakke case in 1978 that set a precedent for using race as one factor in university admissions decisions.

While working full time for the AAUP in Washington during the academic year, Francis

Nothing Subtle About It

Francis says she has seen many doors barred to her as a woman, starting from her days at Radcliffe, when she was not allowed to enter Lamont Library.

A concentrator in modern European history, she swam in her free time and noticed the inequity in women's athletics—the pool for female swimmers was “pathetic,” she says.

She lived at Edmonds House, a cooperative where women who had at least a B average could cook for one another.

“I call that extracurricular,” she says. “Trying to cook for a bunch of students is a lot of work.”

By her own account, her career at Radcliffe went more smoothly than her grandfather's rocky two years as a Harvard student.

Frost, who never graduated, had a particularly bad experience in first-year English, where one of his poems received a B-, and he found Harvard students too driven by grades.

“He didn't like the people having to take all these notes and having to feed them back to the professor,” says Francis, who published an article on her grandfather's experiences as an undergraduate in a 1984 Harvard Magazine article.

Although she enjoyed Harvard more than



Courtesy Lesley Francis

Time & Again

Miss Harvard-Radcliffe: Students of Both Sexes Strut Their Stuff

Saturday, October 6, 1951 | Monday, March 18, 2002

The Charms About Linda

Beauty has its rewards. The young lady pictured here won tributes from nine Square merchants after six discriminating Crimson editors tabbed her Miss Radcliffe 1955. The name: Linda Bartlett. The address: Bertram Hall. The phone number: EL 4-8374. Home state: California. Linda's charms yesterday won her flowers from the University Florist, a meal ticket from the University Luncheonette, a Harvard scarf from J. August, stationare from Bob Slate's, a book from Harvard Book Store, a record from Briggs and Briggs, tickets from Brattle Theatre, perfume from the Coop, and cigarettes from Philip Morris company.

Miss Bartlett was chosen from a field of five lovelies at a P.B.H. tea dance yesterday afternoon.



Man Wins Miss Harvard Title

By LAUREN R. DORGAN
CRIMSON STAFF WRITER

Self-proclaimed “queen” William L. Adams '04 won the Miss Harvard title—silver crown and crimson sash included—and along the way garnered several standing ovations, roses and even articles of clothing from a capacity crowd at Leverett House dining hall Friday night.

The audience raucously applauded the evening's varied entertainment, which ranged from flamenco-inspired Spanish dance and a Tae Kwon Do combat scene to an interpretative painting with roller skates, among many other humorous and unusual segments.

The pageant took place beneath a rainbow-colored “Miss Harvard” banner decorated with “VANITAS” seals. After introducing themselves in a “First Impressions” segment, contestants strutted their stuff in the beachwear portion and faced off in a talent show. The three finalists also endured short interviews.

Four women and four men competed for two awards—the Miss Harvard title, which was judged by four University administrators, and a Miss Congeniality distinction that the contestants voted on themselves.

The men were clearly the winners of the evening.

They swept both awards, and only one of the

three finalists for Miss Harvard was, in fact, a woman.

And the women might not get another chance. Adams, who competed under the pseudonym “Anita Mann,” could be the first and last holder of the Miss Harvard title.

The pageant's sponsors, IMPACT—a group that raises funds for children in developing nations—say that the \$970 profit they earned might not make up for the amount of work that went into making Miss Harvard happen.

“We tend to repeat successful events, but this was very taxing in terms of work for planning, much more so than say, our dance, which garnered more profits,” IMPACT President Laura P. Perry '04 wrote in an e-mail. “It will depend on the feeling of the board next year.”

W. Lucien Smith '03, a veteran of the Immediate Gratification Players improv troupe, emceed the pageant.

Although he said he is a novice to the beauty pageant scene, he won the crowd early with an uncanny impression of President Bill Clinton.

“Throughout my career, public and private, there have been two things I have had an unwavering commitment to,” the Mississippi native began in flawless Southern drawl, giving a Clinton-esque thumbs-up.

“One is underdeveloped nations,” he said. “The other is women in tight little dresses.”

Four Years at Harvard, Back in the Thick of Things

Class arrives as one war fades into history and another looms

(FROM OVERVIEW, PAGE B-1)

A Restless Bunch

Given a respite for a brief few years from the troubles of the world, the College burst with enthusiasm—energy that had been sucked up by World War II was back in full force.

In the fall of 1950, several football game riots had made the sight of thousands of students charging through the Square almost a matter of routine.

But the spring of 1952 brought student energy out into the open with a new level of frenzy.

It all started when a comic strip joke got out of hand.

With 1952 an election year, a cartoonist named Walt Kelly created a character named Pogo and offered his creation as a candidate for President of the United States.

Pogo was a hit on campus. Thousands of “I GO POGO” buttons had been distributed around the Yard as part of an active campaign by students and faculty. One student had converted his dorm room into Pogo’s Harvard campaign headquarters.

Then in the early evening of Thursday, May 15, Walt Kelly came to lecture at Harvard about the phenomenal success of his invention.

Students were so riled up by the presence of the man behind Pogo that a three-hour melee ensued in Harvard Square.

From an initial gathering of 200, a crowd of thousands of students and bystanders stood out in the Square to spread the word of Pogo’s candidacy. Traffic on Mass. Ave came to a standstill.

Cambridge police came out in full force and arrested 28 students, dragging some away in police cruisers.

The story of what came to be known as the “Pogo riots” made headlines in the Boston Herald.

It was a riot “just for the hell of it,” Peterson recalls, “a spring riot over nothing of importance.”

In the aftermath, Cambridge police called for the expulsion of the riot’s instigators. Students accused the police of having been unnecessarily brutal and having used clubs to subdue the crowd. A city councillor proposed, unsuccessfully, that all students at local colleges—including Harvard and MIT—be given a nightly curfew of 9:30 p.m.

Entering the Gates

For a Class whose senior year ended with such tumult, the beginning of the Class of 1952 was unusually normal.

For the first time since before the Second

World War, the 1,339 members of the Class entered the College as a single class in the fall of 1948. The war-time calendar had divided the year into three semesters to accommodate military service, but now it was discontinued.

After an influx of veterans receded, enrollment in the new class dropped. And by the end of the Class’ four-year stay the undergraduate population had normalized to pre-war lows.

The Class of 1952 was one of the last classes to support large numbers of returning veterans. It was not uncommon in a first-year dorm to see a 25-year-old veteran living next door to a 17-year-old. But numbers were down from previous years: just 11 percent of the Class had been in combat, compared with more than half just two years previously.

The Class also saw more exposure to the women of Radcliffe.

The College gave women more opportunities to cross-register in Harvard classes. The administration of the Radcliffe and Harvard libraries was merged.

Kirkland House followed five other Houses in allowing late-night visitation by women on the weekends in order to allow “dancing, card-playing or checkers” in House common rooms.

But when the Student Council and House masters passed a rule to admit the opposite sex in student dorm rooms late in the evenings, Dean of the College Wilbur J. Bender ’27 and the Faculty vetoed the proposition.

Harvard and Radcliffe still maintained tight reigns on the lives of undergraduates—the institutions still saw themselves as something of substitute parents for its students.

“It represents the same old lack of faith in the undergraduate’s ability to arrange his own social affairs, a lack of faith that underlies the present parietal rigors,” The Crimson editorialized.

Harvard men and Radcliffe women were sometimes told to keep their distance. In the Red Book, the student handbook given to incoming first-years in the Radcliffe Class of 1952, young members were instructed on the etiquette of dating.

“It isn’t a Good Idea to go out with an unknown man who simply calls up and asks for a date,” the guide advised. “A pick-up at the corner drug store and unchaperoned calls at a man’s apartment house are Out. As for the man who sits next to you in Psychology, well, you have eyes, haven’t you?”

After an era of overcrowding that packed dorm rooms with classes of veterans, residential life sought to provide the appropriate amenities to a burgeoning student population.

A Pley Court, which had been used as overflow housing, was closed and Claverly Hall now received all overflow.

Self-service laundries were planned in Kirkland and Leverett. During the Class’ senior year, Dunster House experimented with student porters, but the tryout proved unsuccessful because students found the job left too little time for academics and, besides, it involved cleaning the bathrooms. The House planned to reinstate maid service the next fall.

The University was urged to build a theater by students in the Dramatic Club who complained that Sanders Theatre was not a suitable location for dramatic productions, and plans were made to hire Harvard’s first full-time instructor in theater.

The picture post-college looked rosy. Graduating seniors were lucky that defense production had strengthened the economy and created new jobs. Combined with the shortage of hands from the

recently enacted draft, that meant plenty of employment opportunities.

“Vast opportunities await job hunters in this year’s graduating class, and science majors will be able to practically take their pick of jobs,” The Crimson reported in February 1952.

Ivory Towers

The Class’ senior year was Conant’s last year as president of the University after 20 years in the position, and the final years of his presidency saw several changes to the academic life of Harvard designed to increase the support structure for students.

In his final year, the College dean’s office was reorganized, senior tutors were added in all of the Houses and tutorial instruction was expanded.

Students began to take a greater interest in the College’s decision-making structure. In 1951, the head of the Student Council asked for representation on all Faculty committees.

Students showed academic progress, achieving the highest rankings of any year on record.

“I told my class at one of its 25th reunion meetings in June that Harvard students had improved greatly since our days in the college,” Dean of the College Bender wrote, “and I submit that the change since the Bathtub Gin and Coonskin Coat Era of the Twenties is indeed striking.”

Indeed the years of the early ’50s marked the triumph of academics over athletics.

The College decreased emphasis on athletic programs. Intramural games between Houses grew in popularity. But to cut expenses, the high maintenance steel stands that had transformed Harvard Stadium from a horseshoe to an oval were torn down over the protests of the football coach.

And in October 1951, Conant joined the presidents of Princeton and Yale in agreeing on new athletic recruiting policies. The schools would no longer admit students who did not meet normal academic standards, and no athletic scholarships would be given.

As it scaled back athletics, the College sought to broaden its academic offerings. General Education, an experiment introduced in 1946, formally became a requirement in 1951.

In its guide to prospective students the Admissions Office boasted of the new core curriculum, where students were able to take courses designed to “look first to all his life as a responsible human being and a citizen.”

With an expanded course catalog came new buildings. Renovations to several aging structures were planned, and construction was underway on a new lecture hall and laboratories.

Burr Hall housed large lectures, mainly for General Education classes, while the new McKay Laboratory offered a much-needed space for applied science.

“Another year, another building,” read one Crimson headline.

Red Scare

Overshadowing the battles over parietal rules and student representation on Faculty panels were far greater struggles in the field of political and intellectual freedom.

The post-World War II era had brought the fear of communism to a nationwide frenzy, and accusations tainted some of Harvard’s top professors.

The name of a war victim was removed from a plaque in Memorial Church following the discovery that he had been a German. A Class of 1952 marshal was accused of being a socialist.

The most publicized charges were made against Professor of History John K. Fairbank ’29,



who made national press when he was accused on Capitol Hill of being a communist.

In mid-February 1952, he repeatedly answered charges in the Senate’s Internal Security subcommittee by denying that he harbored communist sympathies.

In March, he accused the Senate of “jumping to conclusions on the basis of hearsay evidence and scattergun accusations.”

Gravely concerned by the dilemmas that confronted academia, Conant addressed the red scare in his final report.

On one hand, he denied the presence of any communists on campus and said he would not knowingly hire one.

“But even if there were,” he wrote, “the damage that would be done to the spirit of this academic community by an investigation by the university aimed at finding a crypto-communist would be far greater than any conceivable harm such a person might do.”

Of course, he said, some professors held

unpopular views.

But “it would be a sad day for the United States if the tradition of dissent were driven out of the universities,” he wrote. “For it is the freedom to disagree, to quarrel with authority on intellectual matters, to think otherwise, that has made this nation what it is today.”

At the same time that patriotic sentiments swept across the nation, a countermovement of peace activists slowly took shape on campus with several student organizations.

One war had ended; another was beginning. And Harvard—no less than the rest of the country—was plagued by an internal battle over freedom versus national safety.

The authors of the 1952 Yearbook concluded: “The year was not a good one for the free men.”

—Staff writer J. Hale Russell can be reached at jrussell@fas.harvard.edu.



Courtesy 1952 Yearbook

Time Again

Athletic Recruiting: The Ivies Scale Back

Monday, October 29, 1951 | Wednesday, May 15, 2002

Presidents of Big 3 Outline Athletic Scholarship Policy

No individual should be exploited for the sake of athletic success and no athletic scholarships or special subsidies are given by the Big Three the presidents of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton said in a policy statement released this morning.

The rare joint announcement of admission and scholarship policy, the presidents said, is being made “in order to prevent misunderstanding and misrepresentation.”

In essence, the policy is “that athletes shall have the same opportunities for admission and financial assistance as other students...they shall be neither penalized nor favored for the sake of athletic success.

Athletics Purpose Is Experiences

“A student takes part in col-

Ivy League Debates Recruiting Reduction

By WILLIAM M. RASMUSSEN and RAHUL ROHATGI
CRIMSON STAFF WRITERS

This weekend in the mountains of Vermont, athletic directors from across the Ivy League will meet to make recommendations on an issue which could change the nature of athletics at all Ivy League schools.

The immediate issue at hand is reducing the number of recruited football players from 35 to 25—which some Harvard football players estimate could knock the team to Division III quality within five years.

Ivy League policy makers, however, may not stop at football. Also under consideration, as ordered by Ivy League presidents, is an across-the-board reduction in the number of athletic recruits.

Attempting to limit the population of recruited athletes, however, is nothing new—the Ivy League was actually founded as a football conference designed to set league-wide recruiting policies and academic standards—but the issue has recently been brought to national attention by a book, *The Game of Life*, which suggests that a radical overhaul of collegiate athletics is needed.

This book, according to Dean of the College Harry R. Lewis ’68, is a major factor in driving the current discussion.

But Lewis also said presidents and administrators

at many Ivy League schools have noticed a disturbing professionalization of collegiate athletics.

“The seasons are too long, there are too many contests, there are too many travel dates, the offseason is too formal and there’s too much training and practicing,” Lewis says of the overall Harvard athletic program. “All of the time and effort that intercollegiate athletes have to spend on their sports result in too often students having to make compromises between their athletic experience and their overall Harvard experience.”

The Problem

At first glance, Lewis’ spacious University Hall office might seem like that of an athletic director—not a dean of the College. Adorning his walls are pictures of Harvard Stadium, the 1989 NCAA champion men’s varsity ice hockey team and the 1998 women’s basketball team, which defeated perennial power Stanford in the first round of the NCAA tournament.

But sitting on a small shelf next to his desk rests a more portentous omen for big-time collegiate athletics—the groundbreaking *The Game of Life*, co-authored by former Princeton President William G. Bowen and James I. Shulman, which criticizes collegiate sports for what the authors view as their professionalism and commercialization.

HARVARD'S CRIMSON SCARE

A president defends the University as accusations of communism fly

By ANTHONY S.A. FREINBERG
CRIMSON STAFF WRITER

On Oct. 15, 1951, the Massachusetts state legislature passed a bill making university presidents responsible for preventing communist and subversive activities from taking place on campus. The new law launched an offensive on the principles of academic freedom long cherished by students and faculty and illuminated a long-time dilemma at Harvard—what was the University's proper role in the all-encompassing fight against communism?

The looming threat of Stalin's Soviet Union overshadowed campus life during the Class of 1952's senior year, as the merits of academic freedom became an almost daily subject of debate and prominent professors faced allegations of treachery.

Leading the University was eminent chemist and erudite political commentator James Bryant Conant '14, who in the last year of his presidency sought to pilot Harvard through this period of turbulence.

"Drastic shifts in the national scene," he wrote in his final presidential report at the end of the academic year, "have influenced immediately and profoundly the work of all our major institutions."

The dangers of the nuclear age were a constant preoccupation during the year, as Harvard faculty and students worried along with the rest of the country about the dangers of mutually assured destruction.

Seeking to underscore the dangers posed by the Soviet Union, Conant brought the prospect of a nuclear holocaust closer to home.

"The prospect of the physical annihilation of all of Harvard is for the first time in all our history a possibility we must admit," he wrote.

As it had provided technological expertise in the Second World War just a decade previously, Harvard now offered its country ideological support for the battle against communism.

So much was even noted in Moscow. The Russian humor magazine Krokodil lambasted Harvard in its Sept. 30 edition for being under the thumb of the U.S. military. It even ran a cartoon on its back page entitled "Mathematics," which showed a drill sergeant shouting "one, two, one, two" at a group of Harvard students carrying rifles.

'Period of Trial'

Although Soviet critics viewed Harvard as a bastion of right-wing militarism, many in America worried about its spiritual collapse under a socialist threat.

The editor of a reactionary monthly magazine, The Cross and the Flag, accused the president of the Harvard Liberal Union, Walter C. Carrington '52, of being a "creeping socialist" and demanded that he be expelled.

Meanwhile a string of Harvard professors found themselves charged as communists and fierce debate raged in Cambridge—as it did nationwide—on the boundary between protecting academic freedom and preventing treason.

Conant sided clearly in favor of openness and academic freedom, which he said constituted

"the essence of a university." Nonetheless he acknowledged that America found itself undergoing "a long period of trial for the university tradition which started when Hitler came to power in Germany."

A number of Harvard faculty members attacked the so-called "anti-subversive bill" that had passed the State House in October. The bill, they claimed, restricted academic freedom while remaining largely inept at tackling the genuine

was not initially allowed to take a year's sabbatical leave teaching in Japan because of supposed communist links.

Fairbank was accused by confessed ex-communists Elizabeth Bentley and Louis Budenz before the House Un-American Activities Committee of having had ties with the party. Although the Department of the Army did lift his travel restrictions in the spring of 1952, Fairbank was repeatedly attacked by critics as a communist

prominent visitors and fellow faculty members. Others, however, feared engaging communism head on.

Edward S. Mason, Baker professor of economics, publicly declined an invitation from a Polish economist to attend a Moscow conference on world trade, saying he feared its intellectual basis and free discussions would be undermined by the presence of delegates from communist countries.

The impact of the Cold War was even felt among Harvard's non-academic personnel. In November 1951 William J. Bingham '16, a former director of athletics, suddenly resigned as chair of the Faculty Committee on Athletics in order to accept a position in what he termed "vital defense work" in Washington. Bingham had served as a director of security and intelligence for the federal government during the Second World War, and now he shifted within a matter of weeks from organizing intramural athletic events at Harvard to a full-time job in national defense.

Bully Pulpit

In his final year in office, Conant was particularly outspoken about foreign affairs.

Conant was a nationally known figure. In late 1951, he ran fifth behind General Dwight D. Eisenhower in a poll of potential Republican presidential candidates.

He used his stature and prominent position to prognosticate frequently—and presciently—about the future of the Cold War. He correctly foretold that there would be no Third World War between the U.S. and the Soviet Union but that the conflict would instead play itself out in a series of "short local wars."

Conant also accurately suggested that arms decommissioning would begin in earnest in the 1970s.

Before then, however, he advocated a strong U.S. foreign policy to counteract the Soviet threat.

"The rearmament of defense of Europe is the only way out of the atomic age," he told students at the Law School on Oct. 16, 1951. "Once Europe is stabilized we can talk about taking bombs out of each others' houses."

A fervent believer in the important roles universities had to play in such a conflict, Conant concluded his final presidential report with a ringing endorsement of the value of higher education to democratic society.

"As vital centers of sound learning, as strong-points defending individual liberty, as communities of creative thinkers, no industrialized democracy can do without them," he wrote. "Each year will demonstrate their indispensability to this society of free men."

—Staff writer Anthony S.A. Freinberg can be reached at freinber@fas.harvard.edu.

Conant Predicts World War III Will be Avoided, Sees Extensive Use of Birth Control by 2050

President Discusses Rise of Solar Energy In Talk to American Chemical Society

The following are excerpts from President Conant's speech this month to the American Chemical Society's 75th anniversary meeting. Delivered September 5th in New York City, the talk was titled "A Skeptical Chemist Looks Into the Crystal Ball."

Let me turn to my crystal ball and try and glimpse the outlines of the balance of the twentieth century. In so doing I wrap the mantle of Robert Boyle around me, for he was the original skeptical chemist, you will recall. He was skeptical of the claims of the alchemist, and I shall follow in his footsteps to the extent of questioning the prophecies of some of the modern alchemists,—our friends the atomic physicists. For I see in my crystal ball,—to be sure a plastic one, as befits a chemical age,—I see in this instrument of prophecy neither an atomic holocaust nor the golden abundance of an atomic age.

On the contrary, I see worried humanity endeavoring by one political device or another to keep the peace. I see the Marx-Lenin dogmas still honored in vast areas, but so too are the watchwords of the 18th century French and American Revolutions: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity . . .

What must be described are the slow but steady changes in the production of energy and food. The era of liquid fossil fuels is by the close of the century coming to an end. In the next half century, mankind will avoid war "by the narrowest of margins," President Conant told the American Chemical Society this month. But by the year 2000, the world will be free of the fear of atom bombs, he predicted.

Conant also saw world-wide birth control within 100 years and solar energy as the "dominating factor" in industry within 50 years. His speech contained the further prediction that liquor companies would be using only synthetic alcohol by 2000.



Harvard's 25th President, JAMES BRYANT CONANT

food, has already had enormous effects on the economic and hence political relation of nations. With cheap power the economical production of fresh water from sea water became a reality. This was about 1985, and made more than one desert adjacent to a seacoast a garden spot . . .

These alterations coupled with the discoveries about the relation of dietary factors to the birth rate and the rapid rise in

very great. But quite apart from the technical difficulties there was the overriding fact that the potential military applications of atomic energy were inherently inimical to the very nations that controlled the weapons. A self denigrating ordinance seemed but common sense.

Once the illusion of prosperity for all through the splitting of the atom washed from people's minds, the air began to clear. The dividends from the great discoveries of the 40's were recognized. There have been the introduction of powerful new tools of investigation in both pure and applied fields of chemistry. The success of a vast technical undertaking to make atomic weapons showed what could be done in other radical departures. The rapid progress in the utilization of solar energy is thus seen as a consequence of the atomic energy development . . .

Just Enough Agreement

Just enough agreement is then (1950 years from now) possible in the United Nations to proceed with gradual disarmament. Just enough inspection procedures to be possible to enable even the most suspicious to trust an international guarantee to the effect that there is no semblance anywhere of vast amounts of fissionable materials and of guided missiles.

The existing stocks of fissionable materials are put beyond the immediate reach of any nation. The possible wholesale atomic raids by a nation which treacherously repudiates the treaty are eliminated. Sufficient information is

Time Again Center Stage: Undergraduates Search for Theater Space

Wednesday, October 17, 1951 | Friday, January 19, 2001

College Places Theatre Higher on Priority List

University officials said yesterday that for the first time in recent years, the building of a theatre is high on the Faculty of Arts and Sciences priority list. At the same time, Warren Brody '53, chairman of the Council's Theatre Committee, announced that he had requested Walter Gropius, professor of Architecture, to draw up tentative plans for the theatre.

Initiative would have to come from outside before a theatre could be erected, President Conant indicated yesterday. The University has no free funds, he explained, by the faculty of Arts and Sciences has finished all its immediate building projects, and can appreciate the need for a theatre "now that places like the Brattle are not available to students."

Conant noted that although the theatre project is high on the Arts and Sciences priority list, other University departments have more or equally pressing projects. He put the School of Education and School of Public Health in this category.

Previous Stand

The theatre project and plans for a big auditorium and overall arts center are two entirely different things, and should not be confused, President

Conant warned. He pointed out that while he recognized the need for a theatre, he was less favorably disposed toward building a large auditorium.

In previous discussions about the theatre, the University administration had indicated that it would build a theatre only if it received money and substantial endowment expressly for a theatre. Both President Conant and Provost Buck indicated that they might earmark money for a theatre as soon as someone made substantial funds available for the building.

Brody said he had requested Gropius to have some members of his architecture class make models and drawings for a theatre. According to Brody, Gropius expressed interest in the project, but wanted further definite details before going ahead with the designing.

Student Council President Richard M. Sandler '52 stated that he will meet with Provost Buck tomorrow to discuss the theatre project. Last spring, the Council approved a report requesting a Public Arts Center, which would include a theatre along with facilities for radio, music, drama, and movies.

Students Hope for a Bigger Role at Loeb Drama Center

By DANIELA J. LAMAS
CRIMSON STAFF WRITER

The University's search for a new director of the Loeb Drama Center is raising hopes among some campus arts aficionados that undergraduates will get expanded access to performance space in the Loeb in future years.

The departure this spring of Loeb Director Robert S. Brustein may give the University an opportunity to renegotiate its contract with the American Repertory Theatre (ART), the Loeb's main tenant.

Brustein has overseen the Loeb and the ART during a time in which students have alleged they do not have sufficient access to the theater's Mainstage.

The Loeb was originally built as a theater space for undergraduates. And in 1979, the ART re-located to the Loeb from New Haven—a move that Harvard thought would give students an opportunity to train with a professional theater company.

But the relationship between the ART and Harvard has been strained in recent years, with students clamoring for more access to the Mainstage and the ART eager to keep its own stage time.

Although the ART technically falls under the auspices of Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences (FAS) Jeremy R. Knowles, Harvard has essentially given the company carte blanche to determine how it allocates performance space.

Officials at the ART have said they need to stage a certain number of shows a year to remain viable as a professional theatre company.

Last spring, six students calling themselves the "Steering Committee on Dance," wrote a 70-page report with the help of College officials, which they submitted to Brustein, Robert J. Orchard, the managing director of the Loeb and ART, and other Harvard

administrators. The report asked an additional slot on the Loeb Mainstage be allocated for an undergraduate dance show.

But the ART refused to grant the dancers an extra slot on the Mainstage. Undergraduates still stage just four shows a year in the largest dramatic theater space at Harvard.

Outgoing Harvard-Radcliffe Dramatic Club (HRDC) President Jessica Shapiro '01 says she hopes Brustein's successor fosters a stronger relationship between undergraduates and the ART company.

Undergraduates actors could benefit, Shapiro says, from more direct contact with the professionals.

"I think that one great thing about the ART is that they have a tendency to be experimental," Shapiro says. "I hope [we can] open lines of communication between ART and HRDC and foster them actively working together."

The Search

President Neil L. Rudenstine is heading the nationwide search to find Brustein's successor before Brustein steps down this spring.

Rudenstine says that, working with Brustein and Elizabeth C. Huidekoper, the University's vice-president of finance, he has formed a list of candidates that is roughly 80 names long. He says there are about 20 people at the top of the list, seven or eight of whom are women.

Harvard has combed both the academic and professional theater worlds for potential directors, including repertory theaters located in towns with major universities.

"These people are all over the country...we're staying quite flexible," Rudenstine said.

From Teas to Taverns, Alums Look Back on '52

Jolly-Ups and a 'New Look' at Radcliffe

After graduating from Radcliffe, Connaught O'Connell Mahony took a crash course in secretarial skills and joined the workforce. She worked for the Republican State Committee, helping to organize Women's Republican Clubs and Young Republican Clubs throughout Massachusetts. After she married and had her first child, she became a full-time volunteer—in the first class of women to become docents at the Museum of Fine Arts. She helped to found the Beacon Hill Nursery School nearly 50 years ago. She also founded a reading group with two other women, modeled on a Harvard tutorial. Over the past 45 years, the group has covered American, Russian, French, Spanish and German Literature, as well as the English novel, ancient Greece and Rome, and, most recently, South American history and literature.

Her account of four years in Radcliffe Yard recalls the fun and frustrations of life during a time that, to today's coed campus, has become a thing of the past.

By CONNAUGHT O'CONNELL MAHONY '52

No matter how you look at it, 50 years is a very, very long time, the span of two generations, as a matter of fact, half a century to be precise. It is no wonder, then, that the manners and mores of that early time would be considered not only antiquated but rather quaint. For those of us who lived through those times, however, they were up-to-date and decidedly groovy.

Radcliffe had two locations: the Yard on Garden Street with Agassiz on one end, Mallinckrodt on the other end, Fay House on the right side, the Radcliffe library on the left side. There was an ancient cherry tree in the Yard with a wooden seat around the base of it that was Radcliffe's logo and a favorite photo-op, a sort of substitute for John Harvard's statue in Harvard Yard.

All indoor sports, from modern dance to swimming to fencing took place in Agassiz. There was also a theatre in Agassiz where Radcliffe's drama society, the Idler Players, staged their productions. Radcliffe Administration was housed in Fay and if you needed to speak with one of the three female deans, Fay House is where you would find them.

Radcliffe's other location was the Quad, where all the dormitories were and where field hockey was played. Each dormitory had a housemother who was omnipresent throughout the first floor, which consisted of a dining room, living room and a couple of entertaining rooms for more intimate gatherings. There were no closed doors on the first level and no men were allowed above the first floor. Gentlemen callers were announced by telephone upstairs (there was one telephone on each floor). When women entertained men in the dormitory, the rule was that ladies kept both feet on the floor when seated. Miss Gerrish was the housemother in Cabot Hall where I lived and, as I look back, she resembled then what I resemble today, an old lady in need of oiling.

Gracious living was a recurrent phrase 50

years ago and like all Radcliffe populations some practiced it and others scorned it. Jolly-ups (a.k.a. tea dances) were the usual social get-togethers to which Harvard men would be invited. The Radcliffe women, in full-skirted, ankle-length dresses, would sit or stand around the edge of the dance floor and hope for an invitation to dance to the strains of a live orchestra playing such songs as "Let's Build a Stairway to Paradise" or "Racing with the Moon." The fox-trot, interspersed with waltzes, rhumbas, sambas, and jitterbug, was the popular rhythm. In those days, knowing how to dance was akin to knowing how to brush your teeth: you had been doing it regularly since you got your twelve-year-old molars.

Women neither telephoned men for dates nor were so unlady-like as to invite a man to dance. As a horsewoman, I thought of those dances as horse fairs at which prospective buyers carefully examined the horseflesh before purchasing. The only difference at those jolly-ups were that the Harvard men did not examine up close either our teeth or our feet. Despite this realization, I enjoyed the jolly-ups because I loved to dance and I wasn't so homely that I didn't get chosen.

One cannot envision these jolly-ups accurately without picturing two items of clothing often worn by the women: a little cocktail hat and white or black wrist-length gloves. The hat would usually have a small, black veil which would partially cover the face (peering through mesh was considered very sexy). Christian Dior and his "New Look" was the designer of choice and we would wear "knock-offs" of his fashions. Many Radcliffe women scorned any female who wore make-up and had an interest in her appearance. "Frivolous and non-intellectual" was the verdict. Because so many Harvard men preferred Wellesley women to Radcliffe women, all Wellesley women were accused of being frivolous and non-intellectual.

Academic classes were coed and met in Harvard buildings. Most courses consisted of two lectures and one section meeting each week. The entire class would gather for each lecture but the class would be divided into sections of approximately fifteen people each for discussion. The lectures would be given by a noted professor, the section meetings by a teaching fellow. Having come from a single-sex school, I relished the exchanges between men and women in the section meetings. With a dynamic professor like Sam Beer, for example, who challenged superficial notions of Nietzsche or Locke in his Social Sciences 2 lectures, the section meetings were exciting free-for-alls where everyone questioned everyone else's argument. Some of these section meetings spilled over into heated discussions over beers at Cronin's, the favorite local pub.

Another professor who challenged our ideas was B. F. Skinner, the noted behaviorist. In those days it was fervently believed that babies were born without any imprint whatsoever. They were a "tabula rasa" and the parents had two years in which to form the personality. Professor Skinner

was such a fervent believer in this notion that he invented a box (with holes in the bottom and screening on all sides) in which to place a baby so as to have total control over the baby's stimuli.

Politically in the '50s everything was a mess. Nationally we were subjected to dreadful Senator Joseph McCarthy who exploited fear of the Soviet Union for political advantage. Television was in its infancy and could only be viewed in bars. Senator McCarthy conducted hearings on un-American activities in the Department of the Army live on television, a first-ever event. These hearings were a magnet for students who were appalled by what was widely viewed as a witch-hunt. Interestingly, "Intensive Russian" was a popular course; students were optimistic that understanding the language of communism was the first step toward building bridges.

Local politics was even more horrific than national politics. A man named James Michael Curley ran for mayor of Boston from a jail cell. Although none of us could vote, Radcliffe and Harvard students formed an organization called "Citizens for Hynes" and worked tirelessly to elect a relative unknown candidate, John B. Hynes, who won and after whom the present-day Hynes Convention Center is named. That exhilarating experience gave me a life-long love of politics and an extraordinary appreciation that miracles can occur if hard, hard work is a component.

Extra-curricular activities encompassed many facets of school life. Boston was a cultural mecca: the Museum of Fine Arts, the Gardner Museum, where chamber music was performed on Sunday afternoons, and Symphony Hall were delightful venues and cost next to nothing for students. The Harvard and Radcliffe Choral Society performed with the Boston Symphony Orchestra every year and, even if one couldn't sing (my fate), the opportunity to see one's classmates performing with one of the great world symphony orchestras was an enormous treat.

In addition to Boston theatre (Boston was a "try-out town" and South Pacific opened in Boston during our college years), there were four theatres in Cambridge: the Radcliffe Idlers, Harvard Theatre Group (HTG), the Poet's Theatre, and the Brattle Theatre. All were excellent and graduated many performers and directors to the New York stage.

There were always splendid people coming to Harvard to gift us with their talents: T.S. Eliot read "Four Quartets" in Sanders Theatre, Robert Frost read "Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening" in the Winthrop House Commons Room, and Aaron Copland played "Appalachian Spring" on the piano in Paine Hall.

All of this was heady indeed! But what did we gain from all this? An abiding love of learning, the excitement of and appreciation for creativity, the wonder of the flexible, inquiring mind. What we experienced is antiquated, what we learned is timeless.

Pigskin Pranks and 10¢ Beer

William A.V. Cecil came to Harvard from his native North Carolina after fighting for England during the tail end of the Second World War (his father was British and his mother American). He studied government at the College and, after his undergraduate years, he became an officer at a New York bank and worked both in New York and in Washington, D.C. In 1959, he resigned from the banking world and took up the role of preservationist at the Biltmore Estate in North Carolina, his family's home. His challenge was to preserve the 250-room Biltmore House and the surrounding lands for future generations. In 1963, the Department of the Interior declared Biltmore a National Landmark.

One afternoon recently, Cecil sat down to reminisce. He typed what came to mind, and here is the result—a look at the lighter side of College life in the Class of 1952.

By WILLIAM A.V. CECIL '52

I do not think that we were conscious of the fact that as we walked through the Yard to Thayer Hall we were entering what would, in all likelihood, be the last class of veterans from the Second World War. In fact, I suspect that this was rather irrelevant, since all of us wanted to get on with our lives. To one degree or another these lives had been interrupted, either by the Germans or by the Japanese, and now it was time to start afresh and get an education then proceed to conquer the world.

The Yard welcomed us, but Thayer Hall was our destination, the steps leading to the first floor were well worn and suffered from years of waxing. The suite to which I had been assigned was large enough.

There was only one bedroom and this was rather small, but adequate, providing my roommate was congenial. The living room was fine and had a nice view of the Yard. It also had a view of some of the more modern Houses and these were the envy of many in Thayer. My roommate had not yet arrived but sounded fine. He, like myself, was a Navy veteran. He served in the U.S. Navy and I in the British Navy. With that assurance and the encouragement of other freshmen, after dinner we headed town at a place called Scully Square (once a red-light district in Boston, Scully Square is now known as Government Center).

We all settled in to the University routine. The aggressive magazine sellers loaded us up with more subscriptions than we could handle and the telephone was installed. Ice was acquired as well as a small

refrigerator and gin, bourbon and scotch was procured. Glasses and shakers from the Coop soon found their way to Thayer and life took on a pleasant, but totally different, routine than heretofore. Classes were selected. Many veterans took extra classes so that they could finish sooner, but others stayed with the suggested loads. Martinis, shaken or stirred, were the drinks of choice.

Football games were enjoyed and were the activity of choice in the fall. I remember one Harvard-Yale Game when MIT decided to have some fun. A group of "engineers" thought that they had been ignored by the Harvard students and faculty. In revenge they decided to make their presence known at this, the "holiest of holy" tradition. During the night previous to the encounter, the group buried a wire under the turf and in the center of the field spelled out MIT. The letters were meant to have been burned into the field during halftime, just after the Harvard band finished their playing. They ran a cable back to the stands but, unfortunately for them, they ran out of time and thus hurried to cover up the telltale detonation wires. The Harvard security force,

who only had to wait until the plotters arrived with their "plunger," discovered the wires. The group spent a night in jail but the next day were forgiven by the police and suspended by MIT for a term, and life returned to normal.

As '49 faded into '50 our classes progressed. My roommate decided that bachelorhood was for the birds and married a charming and delightful lady. They were and still are amongst my best friends. Friendships and groups were made and changed until finally everyone settled down.

By the fall of '50 we all moved into the various houses. I landed at Eliot where the tutor was much loved. He was a Greek scholar and sometimes forgot that all of us lived in the twentieth century. He would, over a glass of sherry, refer to the traffic along the river as "those boxes traveling from nowhere to some place else"! Also resident in Eliot House was a senior editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica. He used to do his morning exercises in the buff and one day the "biddy" (a term used to describe the wonderful Irish maids who, as long as the remuneration was adequate, looked after the students) walked into his room using her latchkey and found him on the floor in his birthday suit. "Oh my God!" she exclaimed. "No Madam, not God—Arthur Darby Knock!" The story may be apocryphal, but we all knew it at the time.

The years rolled on. Korea replaced the Second World War and those facing the draft besieged veterans with service related questions. Many volunteered for service; others who had missed being in the war were either called up or hastily volunteered so that they could return to Harvard after completing their military service. In some cases this was a lifesaver, since the grades they obtained in College might have forced the student to leave the class involuntarily!

I could not close this reminiscence without mentioning Cronin's Bar. It was here that much education was discussed. However, the small glasses of 10-cent beer lacked distinction. One night, after much carousing, a student, at least I suppose it was a student from somewhere, shouted that the beer was "undrinkable" and Cronin came over to see what the matter was. He tasted the beer, spat it out and picked up the student and threw him out the door, much to the amusement of all in the beer hall!



Fifty years ago, the Yearbook documented late night parties at the College.



ed for a night on the Scully Square (once a red-light district in Boston, Scully Square is now known as Government Center).

Time Again

One for the Books: Renovating Harvard's Flagship Library

September 1951 Registration Issue | Wednesday, April 17, 2002

Faculty Shells Out for Widener Face-Lifting

Widener Library underwent \$300,000 worth of internal improvement during the course of the summer. Fluorescent lighting will illuminate the dimness out of its dusky innards. Its classic staircase is now split by a railing and some sections are lined with treads. Its elevators have been modernized. All of the bills were paid for by the Faculty of Arts and Sciences which each year shells out about \$1,000,000 to keep the massive library in operation.



Stacks' First Chapter Ends

By BLYTHE M. ADLER
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

As of Monday, all of Widener Library's 3.5 million books resided in air-conditioned comfort.

Construction on Level 6 West of the stacks wrapped up Monday, completing the first phase of the Widener Stacks Renovation Project that began in June 1999, according to Beth Brainard, the library's communications director.

The University initiated the renovation to preserve the library's collection and upgrade ventilation, lighting, security and temperature control systems within the stacks.

Library officials said they also hoped to make the stacks easier to navigate.

"The myth was always that if you're smart enough to make it into Harvard, you're smart enough to find your way around in the library," Brainard said. "Now, the trek through the stacks will be a lot easier."

Work on the multi-million-dollar project involved erecting a 180-foot-tall crane with a 300-foot-long boom to lift equipment into the inner courtyard of the building. The crane was removed last year as the project wound down.

The former open-air areas in the center of the library were filled with mechanical rooms, staff work space and two new reading rooms.

There was also extensive behind-the-scenes work, such as the installation of more than 15,000 feet of sprinkler piping on the lower floors.

Brainard said that, throughout the project, managers attempted to minimize the impact on library users and

employees.

For example, she said, workers placed chutes out the windows so debris could be discarded directly into dumpsters rather than carted through the library. New study carrels were loaded into the stacks through the windows. Within the building, workers put up temporary walls so that all work was done in enclosed areas.

The library remained open throughout the construction period, albeit with some changes to entrances and exits within the stacks.

Upgrades in the stacks include the cleaning of Widener's 3.5 million books, a new paint job for the stack shelves involving 840 gallons of paint, motion sensitive lighting, new photocopyers and study carrels, secure storage lockers, well-lit stairs, new elevators and an increased number of computer terminals.

Some students said they were pleased with the library's new look and feel.

"The renovated parts are much more pleasant and less dark and dreary," said Jillian R. Shulman '02.

"I really like Widener and I come here to study because it's quiet," said Amy Sitar, a graduate student at the Divinity School. "I haven't been bothered by construction noises."

Although construction in the stacks is finished, workers are still moving books back to their proper locations in the stacks.

The renovation now enters its second phase—an overall revitalization of the library, including renovation of the Loker Reading Room, the reference room, the periodicals room and the microtext center.

Phase 2 is slated for completion in spring 2004.

Welcome to the Class of 1952!

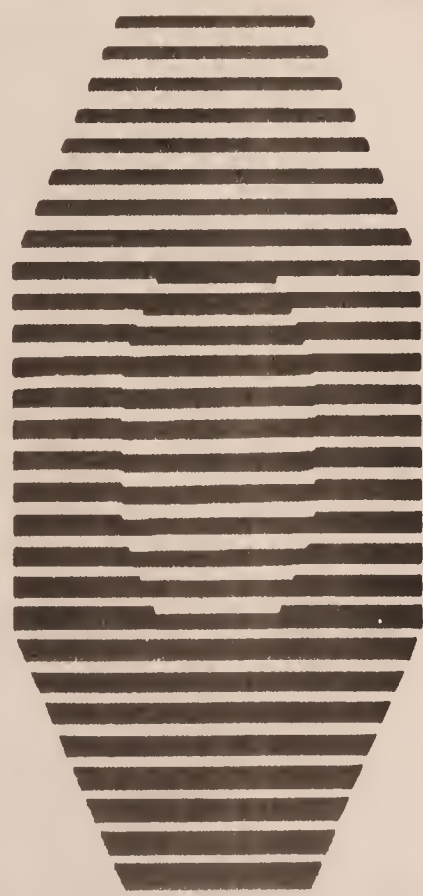
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